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4

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1954.

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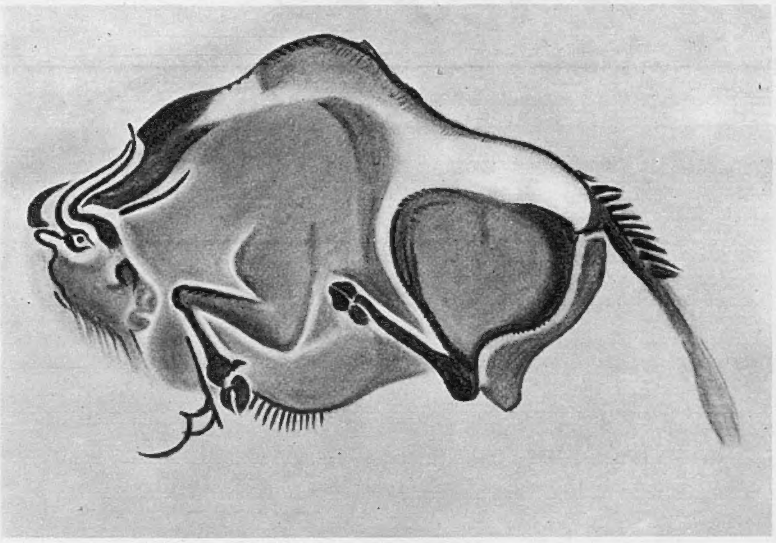
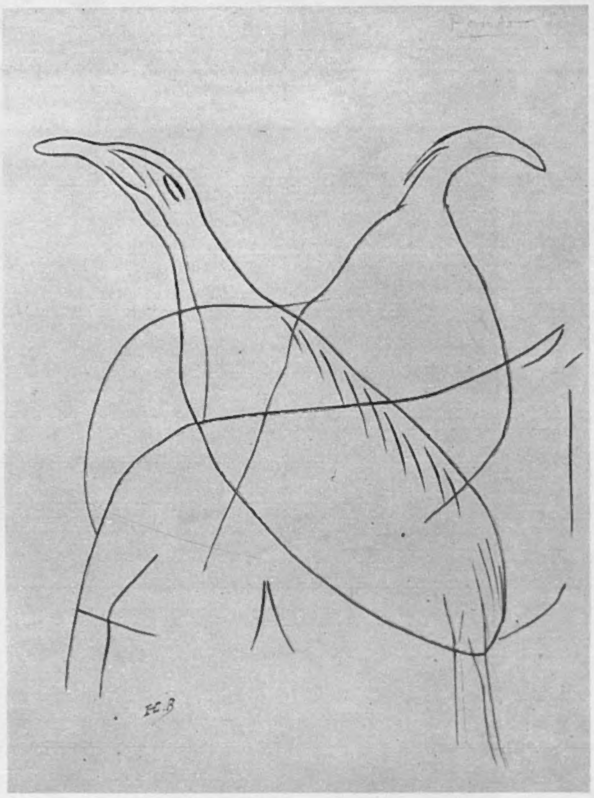
Photograph by Harlip.

BIRTHDAY

BALLERINA

TO-DAY (November 3rd) is the birthday of Violetta Elvin, one of our most beautiful ballerinas, who is touring the Continent with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and will dance this evening in the Italian city of Genoa. With Margot Fonteyn, lovely Violetta has scored a phenomenal personal success for British ballet throughout the tour, and hardened Parisian critics were almost delirious in their praise of the Elvin Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake*. On its return to England, the Sadler's Wells Company will tour Oxford, Bristol and Manchester before reopening at Covent Garden on December 13th.





SOURCES OF MODERN ART? The story is told that when Pablo Picasso was reproached because the bulls he drew looked very like those that had been discovered on the walls of the caves of Altamira, he replied, "*Ah, Madame, je suis le plus grand voleur du monde.*" Certainly this bison, painted at least 10,000 years ago, is very like a Picasso bull, and the supercilious bird on the right might have come out of the cartoon in an evening paper. The Abbé Breuil's copies of both may be seen at the Arts Council Exhibition, which will remain at 4, St. James's Square until November 13th.

OUR MOTLEY NOTES

By TOBY O'BRIEN

I WAS delighted to see that Jack Profumo, that spry, brilliant and perennially young man, has got engaged to Valerie Hobson. Jack is, I think, one of the most remarkable people from the point of view of sheer physical and nervous energy that I have ever known. At one time he was kind enough to work under my wing as a volunteer, and all I can say is—if any of my paid staff had worked as hard or effectively, I would indeed have been a happy man. At the same time he was nursing a hopeless constituency, and interesting himself in at least half-a-dozen other matters, to which he applied the same vigour. He was, I believe, the youngest brigadier in the last war and specialised, towards the end, in co-operation with the R.A.F., which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that nowadays almost any photograph will reveal him in his capacity as Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation getting out of a helicopter.

In a charming way, Jack is one of the best practical jokers since Horace de Vere Cole. I was once the innocent but embarrassed victim of a mild feud he was having with our mutual friend, Anthony Nutting, now promoted as Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Jack asked me if I would, on my way home, deliver a couple of parcels at Anthony Nutting's house in Chester Square. I did so, and went to dinner. When I came back, my cook said: "A tall, charming young gentleman has delivered these, Sir. What are we to do with them?" "These" were two guinea-pigs and two very angry white mice, who had already eaten their way out of the cardboard box in which I had unwittingly delivered them to Anthony, and were being watched with bemused wonder by my spaniels and our fat and incompetent cat on the floor of the kitchen. Apparently, Anthony Nutting's butler had recognised me, so that the livestock had been passed on. I revenged myself on Jack a little later with what I still believe was a first-class hoax, but it nearly caused so much trouble that I have forsworn practical joking for the rest of my life. If he reads this, he will remember the occasion!

DURING the recent conference of overseas tourist chiefs, I was delighted to have on one or two occasions as my guest, Señor Ricardo Jaspe. My wife, with Bea Selwyn Lloyd, had decided to learn Spanish. On the day of Señor Jaspe's arrival, they had had their first lesson. I told our guest at dinner that my wife was learning his language, whereupon he turned to her and said in Spanish: "I understand that you are learning my language?"

Unfortunately, the first lesson had dealt solely with agriculture in Spain. With winning charm, my wife replied in Spanish: "The peasant works in the fields."

A little shaken, but undaunted, Señor Jaspe persisted. "And did you enjoy your holiday in Spain this year?" he asked. My wife, with that unwavering determination which earned her a mention in despatches at the age of eighteen-and-a-half in the last fracas, was not to be put off with this idle chitter-chatter. "When the peasant comes back to the village," she announced firmly, "his dinner is cooked by his wife." (And how right: indeed, I demand of myself, if the peasant cannot have his dinner cooked by his own wife, by whose wife can he have his dinner cooked?) Señor Jaspe relapsed into French.

I WAS reminded of this when I had about the best dinner that I think I can ever remember at the house of Nicholas Egon, who is, I suppose, well on the way to becoming one of the leading portrait artists of our time. His delicious wife, Diana, accompanied him to Siena this year, where Count Chigi commissioned him to do a series of sketches of the leading musical figures assembled for the festival, to bring up to date the portrait gallery in the Palazzo Chigi (which begins with Botticelli.)

The Count, with whom they were staying, spoke no English. Diana Egon's mastery of the Italian language was drawn wholly from a guide-book. The Spaniards are delighted if one even attempts to learn their language; the Italians have very little sense of humour about it. Night after night at dinner the good Count reeled under a barrage of disconnected phrase-book sentences. The final straw came when Diana Egon fixed him with her gorgeous eyes and said: "My dog is dead, I have lost my emerald necklace, and I wish to charter a yacht." The results were remarkable. The unfortunate servants were grilled over the loss of her jewels, and every shipbroker in Genoa and Venice was besieged over the matter of the yacht.

That dinner, which was created from beginning to end by Diana, began with one of the most delicious hare patés I have ever tasted, and went on to a vegetable soup which would have turned the most kitchen-proud *bonne bourgeoise* green with envy. We then had mussels with a cream and parmesan sauce, a *tournedos* of a delicious tenderness which had obviously had, as Hugo Wortham once advised me to do with a steak, a little garlic left on it "to sigh over it," a sweet which was a charming irrelevance, and some noble Stilton. Unfortunately, I had a monumental pain in the tummy, and could only peck at these wonders. How one wishes on occasions that one could make a parcel of a segment of time and take it home with one!

WE live in a curiously upside-down social world. Lord Lister, in *The Manor of Northstead*, who went on holiday as his butler's guest, has a real-life parallel in Freddy Erroll, an M.P. and a multiple company director. He and his attractive wife Elizabeth have two Austrian maids. This year they spent part of their holiday in Austria, in the maids' home village, and indeed, in the family chalet, which they found beautifully modern, and where their maids, also then on holiday, cooked for them and waited on them. At the end of their stay, they were not allowed to pay a penny!

Freddy was one of a group of M.P.s who went to Russia—a group headed by Lord Coleraine (it was not until I saw him on television that I realised that Lord Coleraine was Dick Law, so effectively does a title conceal a man's identity)—which seems to have been a most interesting trip. From another member of the party, who shall obviously be nameless, I hear two not unpleasant stories. They were the first Britons for ten years to penetrate to Sverdlovsk, where a Conservative M.P. attempted to explain to the somewhat bewildered Mayor the British public-school fagging system, pointing out that Dr. Hugh Dalton had been his fag-master at Eton. "I do not suppose—ah—Mr. Mayor—ah—that you understand our British public-school—ah—fagging system," he said. "It is very simple—ah—really. The big boys beat the little boys and—ah—when the little boys in their turn become big boys, they—ah—beat the little boys in their turn." Seeing his message was not perhaps getting across, he added helpfully, "You know—just as you used to treat your serfs."

Still, I must not allow this to be an anti-Tory story, so I must match it with that of the Socialist M.P. who, in the only hotel amid the ruins of Stalingrad, insisted on its (to give the sex would be to give the whole away) morning tea and orange juice. "But," it said with the insistent voice of Bloomsbury and planning, "*I must* have my morning tea and orange-juice."

ON the same evening recently I went to Miguel Primo de Rivera's party at the Spanish Embassy to celebrate the discovery of the Americas by Christopher Columbus, and visited John Boyd-Carpenter. John is, as he always has been since undergraduate days, an admirable host, but I was glad that the Government announcement about spending £100,000 on sign-posting the routes out of London just forestalled the rude letter I was about to write to him in his capacity as Minister of Transport.

I have (or had before the war, when I used it regularly) a cunning way of getting out of London to Essex via Regent's Park and Camden Town. If, as happened to me the other week-end in the early hours of the morning when I was already behind schedule for a date to go shooting on the estuary of the Crouch, you miss one little turn coming out of Regent's Park, you never wholly regain your route. I spent over an hour in the northern suburbs reaching as far as Hampstead Heath and Golders Green. When finally I found the North Circular Road, it directed me to Edmonton.

Now I am sure that Edmonton is an admirable place, and its citizens are of the front rank, as Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin would have attested, but where it is and what it is I have not the faintest idea. If, as alas! seems all too possible, I one day go to a warmer place, I am sure that part of the payment I shall have to make for my sins will be to spend an hour which I cannot afford being directed to a place called Edmonton, when I want to go to Essex.

I rang up my friend, Cecil Orr, at the A.A. about this. The only comfort he gave me when I told him my Odyssey was: "Well, looking at the maps, all I can say is—you were lucky not to get yourself involved with Clissold Park."

1. Once upon a time there was a middle-aged small boy named Humpy Millar (Michael Shepley). His wife (Betty Paul) was French. Here we see them on a second honeymoon (the first was all golf) in the Alps.

2. Mary is impressed by the English charm cultivated by the French hotel-manager (Ferdy Mayne). This is really a third honeymoon for Mary, because she has been married before. And it is her second honeymoon at the Hotel Splendide, where she came with her first husband. (Are we confusing you ? Farces are like this.)

"Sketch" Photo-Call

All For Mary

THIS farce, part of which was recently televise , is at the Duke of York's Theatre. It moves bri kly about Miss Kathleen Harrison as Nannie Cartwr ht, who is always a joy, and for whom there has been produced a succession of nursery aphorisms that make us howl with remembering laughter. Miss Harr son has been due for a part like this for a long time, and we are glad that at last she has it. With her are Miss Betty Paul and Masters David Tomlinson and Mic ael Shepley, Messieurs Ferdy Mayne and Neil Ha lett helping. The play is directed by Jack Williams. The setting is by Michael Eve

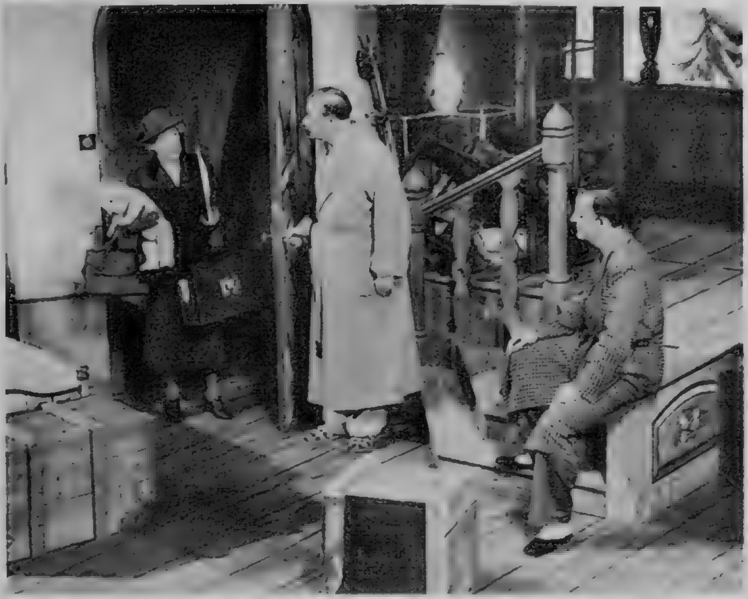
Photographed by Houston Rogers.

5. *"Upsy-daisy, hold your nose. Swallow hard, and down she goes."*—Master Humpy has to drink his medicine. (If he doesn't take care, the wind will change and his face will stay like that.) Master Clive's cigarettes and whisky have been confiscated. Though all seems calm on the nursery front, black revolt bubbles underneath.

7. Determined to escape and stop his wife Carrying On with the Hotel Manager, Master Humpy has knotted sheets together, and Master Clive has lowered him through the nursery window, dropping the rope at an important stage, so that Master Humpy has a really nasty scraze. Mary is not especially concerned. Girls are like that.

8. *"Won't is a word we NEVER use."* The and Nannie has three little patients, each him scratching. This is the point at story, kiddies, or we

3. Because Humpy has caught chicken-pox, he has been isolated upstairs. Here he is joined by another sufferer, Mary's first husband, Clive (David Tomlinson), a much more wicked small boy, who has also married again. Alphonse (Neil Hallett) helps to make the bed.



4. Master Humpy and Master Clive need nursing. The Hotel Manager has sent for Nurse Cartwright (Kathleen Harrison), who arrives with presents for her two patients. They are larger than she expected. But all boys are small boys really, as every Nannie knows.

6. The storm breaks. Master Clive and Master Humpy band together to tell Nanny she must leave. Nannie weeps. And stays. Meanwhile Mary is off climbing with the Hotel Manager.

Hotel Manager comes out in spots as well, with his hands encased in mittens to stop which we ought to stop reading you this shall spoil the dénouement.

9. This is a happy ending. Behind all the camouflage is Master Humpy, determined to show that he 's just as good, dash it! as the other boys, ready for a hard day's slogging through the snow—the manly little chap! And now Nanny's work is done, and Nanny must be moving on—but not, we think, from the Duke of York's for some time.

Our Bookshelf

GROUCHO. By Arthur Marx. *(Victor Gollancz; 16s.)*

JEEVES AND THE FEUDAL SPIRIT. By P. G. Wodehouse. *(Herbert Jenkins ; 9s. 6d.)*

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE. By Richard Gordon. *(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)*

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

MY first reverential encounter with Groucho Marx happened in Hollywood in 1933. He was lying on a sofa, beneath a rose-shaded lamp, having the soles of his feet tickled by his pretty wife. And he explained that the ecstasy was hereditary: "We boys did it for nothing whenever mother wanted it, but would you believe it, my children charge me a dollar an hour!"

One of these two fiendish extortioners has now written, in equal parts of deep affection and acumen, an intensely interesting biography of his father, enlivened by the latter's frequent footnotes—(" *Take it easy with that probing. If I want to be analysed, I'll go to a psychiatrist.—GROUCHO* "). The private life of this middle son of the Marx Brothers—(" four alive and one in the fur trade," as Groucho once informed me)—reveals the most astonishing traits. Unlikely as it may seem, Groucho was the steady, reliable brother, the only one of them who would not rush off wildly anywhere at any moment for a party, a gamble, or a card game. He preferred going to bed early, and strong drink meant nothing to him. According to his son, being "washed-up" still and always remains Groucho's most terrible fear; and no matter how unlikely may seem a state of complete destitution within the next day or two, this panic of having maybe to live out his life as a burden to society, in a home for old actors, could always keep him awake at nights, a prey to every dark thought that can make up insomnia's most senseless crossword. Thereupon would follow an economy campaign, disconcertingly unreasonable and totally at variance with the nature of " *one of the most generous men I've ever known.*"

Leonard, Arthur, Julius (guess who was Julius!), Milton and Herbert—Sam and Minnie Marx, emigrants from the Old Country, were fortunate in their sons; by the time they had reached the middle sixties, their filial offspring could and did keep them in perfect happiness and comfort, all out of the Show Business. And if, as Groucho's biography relates, he himself has not the slightest interest in looking backwards, there is not one item of his full rich existence that we would willingly miss; especially endearing are those pages dealing with his home life, which, according to Arthur Marx, was " *a pretty confusing atmosphere in which to grow up.*" Groucho loved being at home; he " *revelled in the disrespect of his children,*" and yet was almost mid-Victorian in some of his rules.

Nobody, indeed, could accuse him of consistency in his methods of bringing up Arthur and Miriam. Whenever possible, he interfered with the marketing, found fault with it, did it himself. An account of a fantastic dinner-party given by the Groucho Marxes, a wild delight to read about, helps us to understand, nevertheless, why after some twenty more or less happy years together, his first wife, quiet and shy, decided she could bear no more of daily life with a helpmate whose joyful recreation was " *to insult nearly everyone worth insulting.*" To say that travelling with Groucho was " *somewhat of an ordeal* " is an under-statement; and his inspired buffoonery, on all unsuitable occasions, was perhaps responsible for ultimately breaking her down. He could never bear to flourish his identity to get himself out of a hole, but on the other hand he also could not bear to merge with the throng like any normal inconspicuous man; he liked to combine being thoroughly obstreperous with complete anonymity. Many superb examples could be quoted of his lightning-quick repartee, if only *The Sketch* would allow me to devote the whole of the current issue to this lunatic King of Wise-cracks.

HOW curious is the caprice of laughter, whence it comes, and why, and who can cause it. For me personally, Groucho Marx and P. G. Wodehouse have located this mysterious spring. Never again, as he did once, should Mr. Wodehouse attempt to give us Jeeves without Bertie; in his new novel they stand together and complement each other; *Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit* is a real beauty, a lallapaloosa (which, for the benefit of the younger generation, is American slang for—well, for a lallapaloosa). Plus the chivalrous and debonair Bertie Wooster, it contains all our favourite ingredients: Aunt Dahlia and her Chef, Anatole; Aunt Dahlia and Bertie letting themselves go in an exasperated crescendo of long colloquial telegrams; the beautiful but heavily intellectual Florence continually breaking off her engagement to Stilton Cheesewright in favour of the terrified Bertie, who keeps on nobly renouncing her—(" *Frightful wrench, of course, and all that sort of thing, but consider it done* "); the capitalist, sometimes overbearing, sometimes henpecked, invited to the houseparty to serve Aunt Dahlia's secret purposes, and who most oddly couldn't bear the sight of Bertie; the Wodehouse idiomatic dialogue, so simple until somebody else tries to copy it; and above all, that ever-ingenious Wodehouse plot showing us a good man beset by circumstances over which he has no control, yet agile at evading them as a long-limbed Harlequin who can also fling sausages gaily with the Clown and hit the Policeman every time.

IN *The Captain's Table,* Captain Ebbs, like Bertie, tells his own story, but unlike Bertie, cannot dance at all; he merely suffers as victim of all the horrid goat-like happenings with which an unkind author sees fit to encompass him, after his Company has transferred him from a leaky cargo boat to what was his heart's desire, the Command of a smart Passenger Liner, *The Charlemagne*—(" *known to all British seafarers as the Charley Mange* ")—with 600 aboard, bound for Australia. Captain Ebbs remains gravely in character, a portrait of a plodding, not very bright, completely trustworthy and excellent seaman trying to do his duty at all costs. His worst trial, at a rough guess, lay in coping with Shawe-Wilson, a plausible and dishonest Chief Officer left him as a legacy by the ex-Captain. But there were other pills to swallow: the Purser, Prittlewell, whose manner, lofty and patronising, gave a perpetual impression of an under-tipped head waiter; and the presence on board and at the Captain's table of a chief shareholder of the Company, who was prepared to make himself as important and troublesome as possible. And, of course, the inevitable situations arise connected with amorous ladies, riotous children, drunken orgies, and so forth.

All these people, even the kiddies, seem to have got his measure, and exploited him to the utmost. While Bertie Wooster's enemies also attempted to utilise him for their own ends, they failed to realise that the Wooster cranium was as closely packed with brains as an egg with meat—grey-matter picked out with vermilion and gold; whereas there is little of gold or vermilion about poor Captain Ebbs. Not a showy personality, nevertheless he proves extremely likeable, and his vicissitudes are never so "funny" as to miss being genuinely humorous. In the end he scores over the wicked, and we could not be more pleased than by a grand scene where at last he gives Shawe-Wilson his "come-uppance"—or, if purer English be desired, where the unspeakable Chief Officer gets it in the neck.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

V for Vampire

(Rage associated with lack of success in a lady spy)

Photograph by Vivienne.

MRS. DUNCAN SANDYS

ONE of the loveliest and best-known hostesses in the political world is the wife of the new Minister of Housing and Local Government, Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P. for Streatham. The eldest daughter of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sandys has inherited her mother's broad-browed, clear-eyed beauty, and it is difficult to realise that she is the mother of an almost grown-up family: Julian, eighteen, who is undergoing National Service training with the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards in Yorkshire; Edwina, sixteen next month, who is at Heathfield, and Celia, eleven, who attends the Francis Holland School. The Sandys family live in a delightful house in Vincent Square, Westminster.

St. Bernard.

The Gentle Friends.

Family Group.

Mrs. Edna Fleming (E. Box).

The Special World of Eden Box

THE first exhibition at the newly-opened Arthur Jeffress' Gallery in Davies Street is of paintings by E. Box. It will remain open until December 4th. E. Box is what is known as a "Sunday Painter." Almost all her pictures, when we visited the Gallery, had already been sold, as were all the pictures shown at her previous exhibitions, two at the Hanover Gallery and one in the United States.

"Eden Box" is really Mrs. Edna Fleming, the wife of Dr. Fleming, a metallurgist. Six years ago, friends of hers at the Hanover Gallery were organising an exhibition of Sunday Painting, and she remarked that these were the kind of pictures she would like to buy if she had the money. "Why don't you paint some yourself?" her friends asked unsympathetically. Three days before the exhibition opened, she returned, bringing with her two pictures, both signed "E. BOX," which she said she had found in Norwich; did the Gallery like them? Both were sold that day, and she was told to get some more. When she produced another without, to her friends' knowledge, having been out of London, her alias was broken. But she has continued to sign her pictures "E. Box."

"Sunday Painters" are not merely spare-time painters; in that sense, Sir Winston Churchill would be a Sunday Painter, whereas Mrs. Fleming paints professionally, and devotes most of her time to it. No, Sunday Painters are those who share a special vision of the world—a backward-looking childish vision in which the animals are friendly, and the grown-ups kind. The people in Mrs. Fleming's pictures might have come from the pages of her own favourite, E. Nesbit; the animals are kin to those of Henri Rousseau, the greatest of Sunday Painters; the places and the weather have a picture-book definition. It is a world of tranquil wishes fulfilled. Child-paintings themselves are often violent, but Sunday Painters remember only the protection of childhood and not its violence.

J. B.

Photograph by Vivienne.

THE RT. HON.
SIR ANTHONY EDEN,
K.G., M.P.

A NEW picture of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose services to this country in recent years have been rewarded with that most rare and signal honour, the bestowal of the Garter. This is not a political honour : the Garter is the Queen's personal gift, bestowed without ministerial advice. Sir Anthony at fifty-seven has a great record of public service : he has been Conservative M.P. for Warwick and Leamington since 1923, Foreign Secretary and Deputy Prime Minister since 1951. His work for European unity in recent years, and more particularly in recent months, has earned him acclaim throughout the free world, and this present measure of the Queen's appreciation is a happy reflection of popular opinion.

Around the Night Spots

Right:

A small bevy of beautiful girls from the large number in the Cabaret Club's twice-nightly show. Keeps changing. Never deteriorates.

Left:

Lovely international singing star, Viera. In private life, Mrs. Colin Morris: her husband wrote that record-breaker *Reluctant Heroes.*

NOW that the nights are bleak and cold, we find our thoughts turning with quite unwonted enthusiasm to the welcoming warmth of London's night-spots. Soft lights, we think. Sweet music. Beautiful girls. And we are undone. The Cabaret Club in Upper John Street beckons us, insinuatingly. You 'll see what we mean if you take a good long look at the picture up on the right there. Soft lights. Sweet music. Beautiful girls by the cartload. They 're on twice nightly, too, for the glutton: 10.15 for early birds, 1 a.m. for night owls. The chef at the Cabaret makes a speciality of chicken roasted on the spit: it 's really something. And—again for night owls—they serve breakfast from 1 to 3 a.m. . . .

Over at the Eve, in Regent Street, which is open until the quite unearthly hour of 4 a.m., Marqueez and Dulak lead a splendidly spirited cabaret. Fillet steak *flambé* is one of the chef's pet dishes there—goes well with the fiery tempo of the dancers. There 's a pianist there, one Freddy Aspinall, with the Hoagy Carmichael touch. Rather fun.

The nightingale singing in Berkeley Square these days is an American one. She does it underground at the Colony Club, which seems to be becoming the mecca for overseas visitors. Betty Reilly is the girl: comes from the Chez Paris Club in Chicago. You should hear her sing " Begin the Begat." We 're not giving it away.

With " Hutch " away from Quaglino's, you 'd think the crowds would thin out, but no. That international singing star, Viera—we 're convinced she can sing in every language but Bantu—is packing them in, as the saying goes. Quag's is pink and plushy and intimate: if you want to be brighter, you go downstairs to the Allegro—Viera will follow in time: 11.15 upstairs, 12 down. Down, the décor is all Tahitian. Bamboo. Jungle blossoms—you know. Makes the world look very bleak and cold when you emerge. But it 's a bleak, cold world, these days—which is where we came in!

Left:

Marqueez and Dulak, at the Eve in Regent Street. They 're really something: fiery, flashing, Spanish dancing at its best.

Right:

Betty Reilly is at the Colony Club. She 's got what our cousins over the Atlantic call " personality plus."

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"I THINK THEY BELONG TO SOME GROUP."

Our Social Diary

Italian Film Festival

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Princess Margaret, attended the Gala Performance at the Tivoli which opened the week of the Italian Film Festival in London. Her Majesty looked very lovely wearing a dress of pale pink embroidered with sprays of roses, and a diamond tiara. After being received by H.E. the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio (who wore a dress of rose-pink heavy satin and a magnificent diamond necklace), the leading Italian film actresses, all of whom I thought quite outstandingly beautiful, and members of the film delegation were presented to the Royal party. The film, *Neapolitan Fantasy*, is aptly named, and I would say is the best film in colour that I have seen. A brilliant and distinguished audience included representatives of the Government, among whom were Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting, and Lord and Lady Hore-Belisha. Members of the Diplomatic Corps included H.E. the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, H.E. the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, and H.E. the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer. The Earl and Countess of Harewood were among other people there, and I also saw Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, Captain and Mrs. Christopher Soames, Sir Alexander and Lady Korda, Lady Olivier and the Hon. Anthony Berry with his fiancée, the Hon. Mary Roche.

The Lord's Taverners' Ball

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH was the guest of honour at the third annual Lord's Taverners' Ball held in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, of which His Royal Highness is President. The vast ballroom at Grosvenor House was filled with guests and many people dined upstairs on the surrounding balcony.

Part of the evening's entertainment was devoted to an amusing, if somewhat unorthodox, game of polo. This was played on the ballroom floor; the goal-posts and boundaries had been placed in position by boys from the training ship *Arethusa*, who also sold programmes earlier in the evening. Mr. Jimmy Edwards, on an imposing mechanical horse, was a splendid umpire, and Mr. Raymond Glendenning filled his customary *rôle* as commentator.

I can only describe the "ponies" as part-horse and part-bicycle, and Miss Pat Smythe proved herself as adept on this type of mount as in the show ring. She and Lady Mary Rose Williams, with Major Geoffrey Gibbon, and captained by Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Stewart, formed the "Show Jumpers" team, and in the first round beat the "Pukka" team, captained by Mr. Boyd Gibbons. The final match was played between the "Show Jumpers" and the "Taverners," captained by Mr. John Mills, but the result of this was open to question! We were then entertained by "Hutch," who proved himself as great an artist as ever, and Mr. Frankie Howerd.

The Duke of Edinburgh stayed at the ball until after midnight and sat at a table with Mr. Jack Hawkins (this year's president of the Lord's Taverners') and his wife, who was wearing a lovely dress of oyster-coloured satin, Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ustinov. Viscountess Tarbat, chairman of the Ladies' Committee, had a party which included Miss Moira Lympany, Count Manfred Czernin, Mr. and Mrs. John Carras, and Lord Astor.

Other people who brought partie included Lady Dorothy Curtis-Bennet Mr. Billy Wallace, who had taken pa in the polo match, and his guests, th Hon. Rodney Berry, with his fiancé Miss Jennifer Fearnley-Whittingsta Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, looking ver lovely in a floral chiffon dress trimme with cherry velvet, the Hon. Peter War and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Rylan I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Michael Deniso Mr. and Mrs. Leo Genn, Mr. and Mr Malcolm Vaughan with Mr. and Mr Sparke-Davies, Commander Nigel Baile R.N., and Major and Mrs. John Greenis

LORD'S TAVERNERS' BALL. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh being received at Grosvenor House by Mr. Jack Hawkins. An account of the ball appears on this page.

Luncheon for Viscount Templewood

A LUNCHEON part was given by Foyles i honour of Viscount Templ wood to mark the publica tion of his book, *Ni Troubled Years*. I enjoy hearing the excelle speeches that were mad and these more than co pensated for the inco venience of the losing gam of musical chairs in whi I took part at the start luncheon—owing to son confusion over the seati arrangements. Viscounte Templewood heard tribut paid to her husband such distinguished speak as Earl Winterton, Viscou Samuel, Lord Brabaz of Tara and Sir Beverl Baxter. I liked S Beverley's reference the definition of t House of Lords as rath similar to heaven for t ordinary politician—a wanted to go there, but n too soon! Mrs. Nevil Chamberlain, one of t most lovely women of h generation, was among th distinguished guests at th luncheon, which also in cluded H.E. the Portuguese Ambassado Nancy Lady Astor, Lord Vansittart, M Leo Amery and Sir Alexander Cadoga

Christening

AFTER the christening of their bab daughter Chantal, Vicomte an Vicomtesse d'Orthez gave a reception a their home in Cadogan Square. The welcomed their guests in the drawin room, where vases filled with pale pin gladioli and white chrysanthemums adde to the beauty of the room. During th evening I went to the nursery to se Chantal, who, I thought, already show signs of inheriting the charm and goo looks of both her parents, and seemed t

RECEPTION AT THE ARGENTINE EMBASSY. H.E. the Argentine Ambassador held a reception in honour of Señor Raoul A. Apold, the Secretary of Press and Information in the Argentine. *Left to right:* Sir George Nelson, H.E. the Ambassador, Señora Apold and Señor Apold.

be enjoying her christening party as much as the guests. Her godparents, the Spanish Ambassador, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Kilmarnock and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, were at the reception; also the Duke of Sutherland and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Emmanuel, and her husband. Other guests I saw included the Italian Ambassador, Viscountess Scarsdale, Count Ahlefeldt, Lady Mancroft, looking very smart in red, Mr. Derek Stanley-Smith, Lady Illingworth and Colonel and Mrs. Peter Hordern.

French Fashion Show

I VERY much enjoyed the evening show at the Savoy, when a collection of clothes by leading French designers was presented by *La Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne.* Apart from their gift and knowledge of how to design clothes, the French have an undeniable flair for showing them to their greatest advantage.

Mme. Massigli watched the parade with Mr. Norman Hartnell, and other spectators included Lady Willoughby de Broke and Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster, both of whom I had seen earlier in the evening at the christening reception. The Duchess of Argyll was escorted by Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford (the latter wearing the most beautiful diamond necklace) came with Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid.

After the Show there was a buffet supper. Other people I saw during the evening included Lady Abingdon, looking very elegant in black, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, the Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Lord and Lady Melchett, the Hon. John Coventry and his wife, who was wearing a very pretty dress of pale gold organza embroidered with golden thread, and Mrs. Charles Mills with Major Eric Stocks.

"Joan of Arc at the Stake"

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, wearing a midnight-blue velvet dress and a fox cape, was present at the Stoll for the opening performance of Honegger's oratorio, *Joan of Arc at the Stake.* The performance was sponsored by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of various charities. I shall continue to be one of Ingrid Bergman's greatest admirers, although I must confess to being disappointed in the presentation of the martyrdom of perhaps the greatest figure in French history. Among the audience that evening were H.E. the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, Lady Savile, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ryland, and Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis.

THE PARIS FASHION SHOW at the Savoy is described on this page. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who have recently returned from South Africa, with Mr. Peter Cotes (right).

Private View

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions I have been to recently was that of photographs of Portuguese monuments in Asia. H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador opened the exhibition, and the host, Professor Anthony Blount, Director of the Courtauld Institute of Art, also spoke.

Forthcoming Events

The Royal Film Performance: H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will attend the performance of *Beau Brummell* at the Empire Theatre in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund on Monday, November 15th. The Marchioness of Northampton is chairman and tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Vera Biggs, R.K.O., 2, Dean Street, W.1.

Y.W.C.A.: Princess Margaret will be present at a special performance of *Cinderella on Ice* at the Empress Hall on Tuesday, December 7th, at 8 p.m. Tickets may be obtained from Y.W.C.A., Bedford House, 108, Baker Street, W.1. A Christmas Fair, also in aid of the Association, will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Monday, November 8th, and will be opened by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone.

The Snow Ball in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind and the British Empire Society for the Blind, will be held at the Dorchester Hotel on Wednesday, December 15th. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Vera Biggs, U.A.B., 28, Manchester Street, W.1.

Helena

VICOMTE AND VICOMTESSE D'ORTHEZ after the christening of their baby Chantal, with her grandmother and godparents. *Left to right:* H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, Madame d'Orthez, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Kilmarnock and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies.

Elizabeth, daughter of Lady Gillian Anderson, shows little brother James the bouquet she later presented to Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich.

Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the American Ambassador, officially opened the Fair. The President, Lord Nelson, is seated on her right ; Lady Swinfen, deputy chairman, is on her left, with Lady Nelson seated beside her.

Sailor-hatted Champion Georgian Jonathan Camden watches as Mrs. Pamela Wilde receives a donation from Mrs. Dorothy Hampton.

All hands to the Tombola : Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones, Lady Martin and the Hon. Mrs. K. B. Suenson-Taylor congratulate Mr. D. A. Brown, the lucky winner of a bottle of champagne.

TRAFALGAR FAIR

MRS. WINTHROP ALDRICH, wife of H.E. the American Ambassador, officially opened the Trafalgar Fair in aid of the British Sailors' Society at Stanhope Gate on October 21st. This is the third year that the Fair, which is under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, has been held, and the results were very heartening indeed, with visitors and sea cadets coming from all parts of the country for the occasion.

Photographs by Gabor Denes.

D. Clayton, a sea cadet, explaining matters nautical to Charles Clasen, son of the Luxembourg Minister.

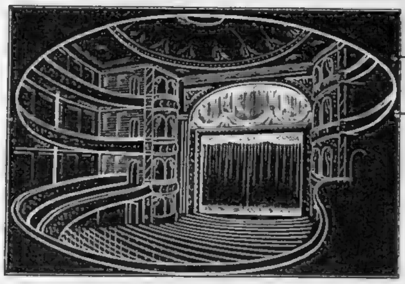
Equestrienne Pat Smythe and tennis player Angela Buxton.

Mrs. D. Oxtoby buys a raffle ticket from Mrs. Paul Sherwood.

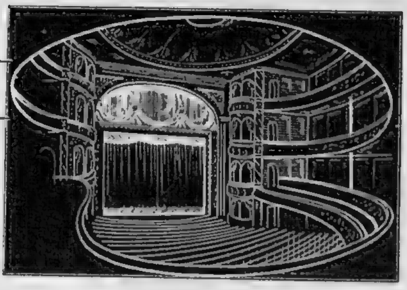
Photograph by Armstrong Jones.

THE HON.
MRS. GEORGE SPENCER

A RECENT study of the American wife of the Hon. George Spencer, brother of Earl Spencer, taken at her home, Langton Hall, in Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Mrs. Spencer is pictured standing among some examples of the sculptures for which she is justly renowned : she has two children, now grown-up, but has always managed to find time to keep up her artistic work, for which she trained in Paris and New York. She is at present engaged on a series of famous women of to-day, which will later be used in an exhibition of her work.



AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN



Monsieur Mercade and Friends

IF I were asked the name of one of the most rewarding small parts in Shakespeare—and here and now I do ask it—my reply would be Fortinbras or Mercade. *"That's two of his weapons. . . ."* For the purpose of this article I stick to Mercade, who speaks just four lines. I don't know whether Charles Gray gave a wild cry of enthusiasm when cast for the part in the Old Vic revival of *Love's Labour 's Lost*; anyway, he acts it impressively, a fine figure in that mourning purple as darkness begins to steal upon the park of Navarre.

He is the messenger who brings to the Princess of France the news that her father has died. He is the cloud that darkens the fair day. It is extraordinary when, after the long flash-and-rally of wit through the sunny hours, a chill hand cuts short the revels, lowers the light, beckons the comedy towards its wistful end. At the Old Vic now, Frith Banbury, the director, does not hold the pause as daringly as Peter Brook did in the "Watteau" production, at Stratford in 1946, against which any new revival must be measured. But he does not diminish the effect of Mercade's entrance, followed by that tingling phrase of Berowne, *"The scene begins to cloud."*

A good deal of the effect depends, of course, upon the temper of the evening. I remember one revival in which Mercade's entrance was a positive relief: the piece had been treated so clumsily that our spirits rose at once, and we could not have found his news gayer whatever it was like upon his tongue. But that kind of failure is rare in my recollection. *Love's Labour,* since its return to fashion during the last twenty-five years, has been very fortunate. My run of memories begins at Bridges-Adams's revival, with its great oak, when the present Stratford Memorial Theatre was young; and I have been lucky enough to catch, in Miles Malleson's Sir Nathaniel (for the Old Vic at the New Theatre, 1949), what I hold to be the classic piece of Shakespearean comedy in our day. Nathaniel has only nineteen speeches. But how Malleson stroked the little man along!

Memory must be curbed. We are dealing with the Old Vic revival of 1954. No one who listened to the first-night laughter could have guessed that this was once a very dubious choice for a Shakespearean cast. Indeed, a long time ago, I stood in the Old Vic foyer and heard an angry patron complain to that endeared figure, Mrs. Clark, that a coming revival had not a chance. (He was in key with a German critic who once called the piece "excessively jocular"). Well, the "coming revival" was Tyrone Guthrie's *Love's Labour* in which Michael Redgrave appeared for the first time in London, and the tattered dignity of Ernest Milton's Don Adriano de Armado remains with me yet.

Once more, I pull myself back to the present revival. There is no need, at this time of day, to say anything about the comedy—in which love laughs at the pompous—except that, if you are used to its blossomed speeches through which blow all the airs of spring, you will not care three-farthings about its derivations, or its topical significance. All that you will remember is the youthful gaiety, with the heliograph-gleaming repartee, the verbal ballet, the lyric glow of Berowne's *"Have at you then, affection's men at arms!"*, the goodwill of it all, the glory of its sound. We go to hear a play, and we certainly go to hear *Love's Labour 's Lost.*

ALBERT SAMMONS, C.B.E.

A Testimonial Concert, at which Sir John Barbirolli will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra and Moiseiwitsch will be the soloist, is to be held for Albert Sammons at the Royal Albert Hall on December 7th. The concert will be presented by the London Music Circle.

It is most welcome back to Waterloo Road, though I do not think the present production can come very high among modern revivals. Frith Banbury knows the manner, and the players will develop with the run; but at their fullest development they may hardly affect past memories.

Still, two performances are bound to be recalled. One of these is John Neville's Berowne. Mr. Neville feels and tastes every syllable. He appreciates Berowne's poetry, and he has the style for the man's wit. He comes to us in the full light of Navarre, splendidly and rightly Shakespearean. The other performance is Laurence Hardy's Holofernes. Now Mr. Hardy has been curiously cast at times during the Old Vic season; but as Holofernes he creates a magnificent monument of complacence. His self-admiration while composing the "extemporal epitaph" on the death of the deer is something to marvel at, and we can feel very sorry for the fellow later on when the Court party so rudely flouts his appearance as Judas Maccabæus in the scene that foreshadows the "interlude" of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* I wish Holofernes had a Nathaniel to match him, though Paul Daneman's little curate has a certain milky charm.

Most of the others in the cast are able, neither exciting nor dull. Virginia McKenna's Rosaline has a quick flash. The Boyet is overplayed. Aubrey Morris's constable can look surprisingly like a frightened beetroot. The most awkward part in the comedy is Armado; Paul Rogers, as we know, has a gift for awkward parts, but he does not appear to have made up his mind about Armado: at the première he was neither very funny nor very touching, and I carried away little but an impression of a wild eye and a hard-working accent. But—for the astonishing Mr. Rogers always brings off something—I shall never forget his speaking of the last line, *"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we this way."* Here he took us, mysteriously, quite out of the world. I wish he could have excited me as powerfully in the sunlight as in the shadow.

The costumes, by Cecil Beaton, are splendid; the portable arches and hedges, also by Cecil Beaton, are tiresome. I agree with a colleague's comments on moth-eaten shrubbery and raffia-matting. Still, whatever we may feel about this thing and that, it is a joy to meet *Love's Labour* in the repertory again, and to feel that chill at the entry of Mercade, messenger of death:

The news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue . . .

THE news I bring about *Joan of Arc at the Stake* (Stoll) is heavy enough, except for my pleasure in Honegger's music. I could not understand why so much of the singing came from the side-boxes; and I did not find much to get rapturous about in the Paul Claudel libretto. Joan goes over her life and trial—all distorted—while she stands among the flames at the Rouen stake. It was a very strange medley—now play, now opera, now oratorio. Ingrid Bergman came out of it best, and, since she was speaking Joan, one could not have expected otherwise. Her Joan, simple and rapt, does all that is possible with those arid Claudel monologues. Roberto Rossellini has made a lot of the last turbulent crowd scene, but I do not think that the piece is among London's more entrancing entertainments.

Similarly, I cannot babble "three-piled hyperboles" about *Book of the Month* (Cambridge Theatre), though here I agree that Basil Thomas has had a nice idea and contrived his scenes with care. Still, it is a passable diversion, and Margaretta Scott and Hugh Williams can always come to the aid of the party.

DANNY LOVES VERA

IN the new Paramount musical, *White Christmas*, which opens with a gala première at the Plaza Theatre to-morrow night (November 4th), Danny Kaye loves Vera-Ellen—and, as you see, dances with her ; Bing Crosby loves Rosemary Clooney ; there are silver linings and song-and-dance routines all over the place, and the film itself has "popular success" written all over it. No Expense, as the saying goes, Has Been Spared. It has the New, Revolutionary, Vista-Vision. It has that old stand-by, Technicolor. It has a lot of brand-new—and a few grand old—songs of the "hit" variety. It has been directed by Michael Curtiz of *Casablanca* fame, and the musical numbers were staged and directed by the man who did just that for *Pal Joey* on Broadway and *Call Me Madam* on the screen. It has, in fact, everything—including snowflakes on December twenty-fifth.

A TYRO EMBARKS ON WINTER SPORTS

Coming to Grief on the Carpet Slopes!

"I AM thinking," said my friend Ivan, "of going to Switzerland. To ski." Ivan is tall, but not broad. Skin has been stretched over his bones in all visible places, perhaps as a concession to convention, but he has not thought it necessary to add much in the way of flesh, fat, or muscle. At Oxford he was renowned for a keen intelligence, and much gaunt charm. He stepped nimbly among the by-ways of undergraduate politics, but he was nimble at little else; few people saw him put his hand to anything much more energetic than a croquet mallet. Yet his eyes were calm behind his thick black spectacles when he said, "I am going to ski. There will be women of the party."

He intended, it seemed, to accompany two young women of great attractions to Kitzbuehel. "*Can* you ski?" I said.

"It is not reported to be difficult," said he. "I have often watched it done."

"Where?"

"At the kinema. Besides, I do exercises in the bathroom every morning." He hooked his umbrella more firmly over an arm sheathed in conservative dark cloth. His soft homburg hat was square on his head. The starched points of his collar gleamed thinly in the uncertain sunlight. Suddenly, I discovered that I envied my friend.

I THOUGHT much of winter sports during the next few days. Through my imagination marched an historical pageant that began with Sir Leslie Stephen and the earnest intellectuals who went to Switzerland to prove themselves as men against remorseless Nature, and moved on to the days when Sir Arnold Lunn opened the way to ski-lifts and cocktails, making the whole thing popular, so that now about 30,000 English people go winter sporting during the season. Why should not I be one?

There was no reason why not. Soon I found myself in a West End store timidly watching an American tycoon trying on a ski-cap with an enormous peak. "Excuse me," I said to an Assistant, "I want to be outfitted."

"Outfitting on the next floor, sir," he said absently.

"No! I want to be outfitted for winter sports. Completely."

"This is cute, isn't it?" said the American.

"*Completely*?" said the assistant.

"You see, honey?" said the American to his wife. "He says it's completely cute."

"It doesn't matter," I said, and went away to the Confectionery to suck Glacier Mints and restore my self-confidence.

WHEN I returned, it was with an Enthusiast. There are two extremes of winter sporters—the Golden Rich who never touch a ski, but lounge about in smartly-cut ski-jackets and woolly caps with a little bobble on top, and the Enthusiasts who abhor martinis and Turn In (they seldom go to bed) immediately after dinner so as to be ready for a good day at the next dawn. My Enthusiast was a hefty young man from the London School of Economics. Fair weather or foul, he wore a blazer and a brown moustache, and his health was so rude as to be almost insulting. He ignored the Store assistants. Picking up a ski, he bent it back like a bow, and I put my foot quickly over the mark it made on the polished floor. "You see," he said, "Hickory. It's one of the most expensive woods in the world, because it comes from the banks of the Mississippi."

"Dollars?"

"Let's not talk shop, old man," said the Enthusiast, "How heavy are you?"

Skis, it seemed, are not all of the same size, but vary according to one's height

and weight. They are made of hickory or of laminated wood (which is cheaper, more flexible, and does not warp), and one keeps them in a press, when out of use, and preserves them with linseed oil. (" Just like a cricket bat," I said. " Not *quite* like a cricket bat, old man," said the Enthusiast.) In use, however, one waxes them ; it keeps out the water, and cuts down friction. Each ski has a metal socket called the " binding " into which one's foot fits. My friend called for a boot, and fitted it in the socket. " You try to shift that boot," he said. " You can't. What gives ? " His voice boomed sonorously around the store. " It is the ankle ! "

He called for a stick. " It 's for walking up-hill," he said. " You can't use it for balancing." On one end it had a kind of leather Catherine wheel to save it from sinking too far into the snow ; on the other, a leather thong—" so that you don't lose it when you fall."

" Do I have to fall ? "

" *You 'll fall*," he said. " Sometimes we fall as far as two hundred feet."

Ski-trousers and jackets are of water-resistant gabardine, with zip pockets, and elastic at the bottoms of the trousers to keep the snow out. " You must always be prepared," said the Enthusiast, " for conditions of extreme damp and extreme cold."

"Am I doing this for pleasure ? " I asked, and the assistant, who was by this time entirely on my side, murmured, " It 's all right, sir. Really it is. If you don't want to ski, there 's still time for a charabanc trip to Margate."

But my friend was going on about Fashion. " Look at these," he said, pointing to some decidedly attractive ski-jackets in maroon. " No need for all this colour frippery. Get into one." I put on the V-necked jacket and posed before the mirror. The jacket had a hood attached, which my friend pulled over my head. " Cover your face," he quoted heavily, " Mine eyes dazzle."

One's eyes do dazzle, however, amid all that snow ; Enthusiasts wear goggles and sun-tan lotion. " The rays of the sun in winter and in spring," said my friend, " are stronger, cleaner, clearer than in summer."

" That 's very good," I said, " Is it your own ? "

" No," said the assistant. " It 's part of the usual talk we give to beginners. He heard it from me last winter."

I tried on a pair of woolly gloves in rather an attractive Fair-isle pattern. " Wear those if you like," said the Enthusiast sniffily, " but they 'll get soaked if you use them for ski-ing. No, it 's practical canvas mittens for you, my boy. Sit down here ! "—and he began to stuff my feet into a pair of heavy square-toed leather boots. " The better the ski-er," he said, " the stronger the boots."

" I 'll take plimsolls then," said I, looking at the thick rubber sole and the thick rubber studs, "Am I expected to walk in these ? "

"Only up-hill," he said, "Whichever way you come down, you won't be walking."

Eventually my outfitting was done. Enthusiasts, though they may sneer at Fashion, have a passion for gadgets :— " Shall I sign a cheque," I asked at the end, " or send a van round with the bullion ? "

The assistant patted my shoulder sympathetically. " If only you had left it to us, sir," he said, " we could have outfitted you for £35. But you *would* have all those extras."

THE next step was to learn to ski. There was, my Enthusiast told me, a heap of dry leaves somewhere in the Midlands, which was treated by Enthusiasts as the English equivalent of a Lower Slope. Alternatively I could attend a dry-ski school. And so, discovering that Simpson of Piccadilly run such a school, I presented myself there one evening of last month as a pupil.

My instructor was Mr. Pick, a sun-tanned Polish international of great patience and fluency. The school was on the first floor, down the polished length of which carpets lie like symmetrical islands. " You will glide over those carpets," Mr. Pick said, " as though you were gliding over snow." This never happened, but the fault, dear Brutus, was not in the pile, but in myself.

A ski-er must have strong ankles, strong calf muscles, knee muscles, stomach muscles, and arm muscles. He must be strong altogether, and must ally to this the qualities of balance and rhythm. Before ever starting for Switzerland, it seems to me, he must be fit enough to run a four-minute mile. Besides the classes at the school, there are exercises he must perform every day, and these he is taught at the first lesson.

" Take off your shoes," said Mr. Pick. " I will strengthen your ankles." I took off my shoes, and stood with my toes close together and my feet apart ; it was like the opposite of a ballet " turn out." In that position, I was told to walk on the sides of my feet. I fell over. So I was put on to something simpler. Mr. Pick placed a pencil on the ground, and I had to pick it up with my toes. At the seventeenth try, I succeeded. " But it is not important to succeed," said Mr. Pick cheerfully, " What is important is only the movement."

I put my knees together, crouched in a ski-ing position, and rotated from side to side. I fell over. Then I was shown how to exercise my knee muscles. Mr. Pick pulled up his trouser leg, concentrated his mind, and the muscle above his knee jumped and fluttered like a startled hare. This, it seems to me, is a quality of the mind far more than of the muscle ; it is like wiggling one's ears or yoga. I cannot wiggle my ears ; this was well known at school. And I cannot wiggle the muscles of my knee either.

We learned the turns, at first without skis. " Imagine you are a car," said Mr. Pick. " It is an assumption beyond belief, but imagine it. Your shoulders are the steering wheel, your skis the wheels of the car. Observe." He went into complicated and rhythmical evolutions, and I followed him. I fell over. We then tried the Stem turn, the Stem Christiana, and the Pure Christiana, and a number of Swing Turns in the French and Swiss styles. Long ago as an undergraduate, in the days before I had evolved my own basic dance-step, I took lessons in dancing, and fell over with a blonde girl named Reen clasped tightly to my stomach (which *she* called " the abdomen "). This was like that. It seems that I have no sense of balance. I have disposed of my equipment to an Enthusiast. I shall never ski. It is sad (the assistant said later), but had I thought of Algiers this Christmas ? I said that I had. Sunshine brings me out in spots. Dammit, I said, I *wanted* to go.

LAST Monday, I found myself next to my friend Ivan in a bus queue. He looked almost inappropriately healthy, but he leaned heavily on a stick. "All ready for Kitzbuehel ? " I asked.

He said he was. Since we last met he had begun dry-ski lessons to supplement his bathroom exercises. " They tell me," he said, " that I shall be in all respects qualified when I have acquired a sense of balance," and hobbled gracelessly on to the bus. JOHN BOWEN.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Unwilling Waves

MY DEAR ROBERT,

When Mrs. Whinebite failed to get herself elected as Carnival Queen she adopted a superior attitude towards the whole affair, and said that on Carnival Night she wouldn't even bother to watch the procession but would play Bridge as usual.

Lady B., on the other hand, who always puts in a tableau, got her usual attack of Carnival Fever and called a meeting of her own private Carnival Committee, which started with champagne cocktails to promote creative thought.

"Anybody got any ideas?" said Lady B. brightly.

We sat staring into space. Lady B.'s champagne cocktails were lovely, but they didn't seem to be promoting creative thought as much as usual. Then Charles said, "We mustn't do Sir Walter Raleigh again—we 've done him three times already." This was true, but not very helpful.

"What about the Battle of Hastings and Harold being shot in the eye?" said Colonel Simpkins.

"No," said Lady B. "I don't want anything gloomy. Isn't there something cheerful in history?"

"I know," said Faith. "Charles the Second with Nell Gwynn sitting on his knee."

"I don't think that would be at *all* nice," said Little Mrs. Simpkins. Charles Two is not one of her favourites.

"Dorothy Vernon clambering out of the window."

"Queen Victoria saying, 'We are not amused.'"

. . . raised a corner of the tarpaulin . . .

A nurse stood at the window . . .

"I would like it to be a woman doing something brave," said Lady B., who has a great admiration for her own sex.

"Mrs. Pankhurst," said Mrs. Savernack.

"Lady Docker," said Faith.

"Grace Darling," I said, not because I thought it was a good idea, but because I hadn't made a suggestion so far and I felt it was time I did.

Lady B. looked at me thoughtfully and then she came over and kissed me. "Dearest Henrietta," she said, "you have chosen our Carnival Tableau."

"Don't be silly," said the Conductor; "how can you possibly make a rough sea?"

"I shall have one of those green things they put over haystacks," said Lady B. firmly, "and underneath it I shall have people lying on their backs and kicking."

. . . the coup de grâce.

"What people?" I asked, my heart sinking.

"Why, all of you," said Lady B. "Who else?"

"It 's a jolly good idea," said Charles with horrible heartiness. "Of course, I 'd simply love to be a Wave, but, as you know, I am riding at the head of the Procession on horseback."

"And I 'm a Steward," said Mrs. Savernack. "I 'm afraid I shall be needed Elsewhere."

"I promised to have Mrs. Admiral in to watch the Procession from our garden," said Little Mrs. Simpkins.

"Actually, I 'm putting in a tableau myself," said Colonel Simpkins, which was news to all of us, and I felt sure he 'd only just thought of it.

"Of course, I can't leave darling Faith," said the Conductor.

"Which seems to leave me," I said bitterly. I could see myself darting from side to side under a green tarpaulin until I died of exhaustion.

"Who 's going to be Grace Darling?" said Mrs. Savernack.

To everybody's distress Faith burst into tears. "Oh," she wailed, "I would have loved it so! Why do I always have babies in Carnival Week?" Lady B. patted her hand and told her she must arrange things better next year and we 'd think up something terrific for her—like Britannia, or Helen of Troy, or Venus. This cheered Faith tremendously, and we all said good-bye to Lady B. and went home.

I must say, I looked forward to Lady B.'s Tableau with dread. The Admiral, who never shrinks from duty, promised to be a Wave with me, but Lady B. had a lot of difficulty in finding other volunteers, people saying, with truth, that the part of a Wave would be both arduous and dull. Thirza Hopkinson had Carnival Duties, but Gregory most nobly offered to join the Admiral and me under the tarpaulin, and Lady B. said she 'd have to manage with three. A boat was hired from one of the fishermen, the Linnet was gouged out of her home to be Grace Darling, and Lady B.'s Carnival Tableau was set.

On the night of the Carnival, Faith sent me round a note to say she thought the baby had begun and, as she was most anxious to get the Conductor out of the house, she was sending him round to be a Wave after all and would I please be very kind to him. He arrived, looking white and strained, just as the Procession was about to start, and crawled under the tarpaulin and lay down next to me.

"It 's best if you kick with your legs and then hit out with your arms," I explained to him, for the Admiral and Gregory and I had been practising while we waited.

The Conductor began to kick. "I can't bear leaving her," he said in a strangled voice.

"It was her wish, Conductor," I said, lashing out with my arms, like a prize-fighter.

"We're off!" cried Gregory, as the lorry began to move.

It was very dark and airless under the tarpaulin. We could hear the crowds cheering as the lorry went by, and I knew the Linnet, with her curly hair and strong arms, was scoring a success, but it was very dull not being able to see any of the fun.

As we passed the Conductor's house he and I raised a corner of the tarpaulin and peered out. There were bright lights in Faith's bedroom, and Charles' horse, which should have been heading the Procession, was tied to the gate. A Nurse stood at the window holding a Bundle wrapped in a blue shawl. "It 's a boy!" yelled the Conductor, and gave a kick which positively rocked Grace Darling in her boat.

People said it was the best Carnival we 'd ever had. Colonel Simpkins got a Special Prize for his tableau, in which he appeared wearing a solar topi, about to plunge a spear into his stuffed Wild Pig, which had been taken out of its glass case for the occasion. When somebody asked him where his horse was, he said he had dismounted to deliver the *coup de grâce*.

Lady B. got a First for Grace Darling. She gave the prize-money back to the Carnival Fund, but the Admiral and Gregory Hopkinson and I thought she ought to have given it to us. The Conductor said he 'd loved every minute of it.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Diplomatic Hostesses: Mme. Agnar Kl. Jónsson

ONE of the youngest hostesses in the diplomatic coterie is the lovely wife of the Icelandic Minister in London. She lives with her husband and young family in the charming eighteenth-century house in Buckingham Gate, which is the Icelandic Government's official residence in England. Mrs. Jónsson has been here for nearly four years now, and has loved every moment of it. The children, too, have taken to England and English ways like ducks to water: Anna, seven, and Aslaug, five, are enjoying life at the Netherton nursery school, and small brother Bjarni, aged two, shows signs of becoming one of the youngest bi-linguists in the country!

TELEVISION TOPICS

Fresh Fields and Pastures

By CYRIL BUTCHER

OF course, everybody knew it was bound to happen. The moment that commercial television crept out of its dreamlike cocoon stage and began to develop into something like practical reality, it was obvious that purses of gold would be dangled in front of the eyes of the more talented of the B.B.C.'s television know-how boys. And the jingle of ducats has not fallen on unwilling ears.

Already—to hell with it, let 's be indiscreet—the offices of a certain Mr. X (who is rapidly becoming one of the very big names in commercial television) have for some time been a somewhat embarrassing meeting-ground for most of the B.B.C.'s producers, designers and writers; all ostensibly there for a "secret" interview.

"Hallo, what are *you* doing here?" one, about to be ushered into Mr. X's presence, has been saying to another, just emerging from it. The only possible reply is to say, "And what are *you*?"

The answer to both those queries lies—in my opinion—in man's ambition and man's inability to prophesy the future. Standing on the sidelines of this game between the B.B.C. and the I.T.A., which looks like getting rough, I can only say this:

Admittedly the B.B.C. does not offer a vast fortune to those who serve it. But, by and large, it does pay a fair price for services rendered. To those who bear a large responsibility it pays a large salary (and anything in the four-figure bracket comes into that category for me), there is a contributory pension fund and the Corporation simply hates to sack anybody. In fact, it offers reasonable security in this uncertain world.

Now what does commercial television have to offer? My spies tell me that a Certain Somebody has signed for £6000 a year for three years. What does that mean? £18,000 in three years, a hideous income-tax category, and after that—what? Supposing Mr. X or Y or Z does not like the cut of his "jib"? Supposing he gives birth to a series of flops—as can happen to anybody? That Certain Somebody will be out on his ear with many regrets and precious few pennies. Organisations with a plus or minus of millions, a razor's edge of fortune or bankruptcy, cannot afford to be sentimental. "Use them while they produce dividends and pay them while they can do it," must be the motto. "A pension when you 've got past it? Are you crazy?"

Well, that 's how it looks to me. But you can't be right all the time; others think differently and the recession from the B.B.C. has begun. It started with Duncan Ross, television's first staff-writer. He has served the Corporation nobly—especially in the documentary field—but he wants to spread his wings. His new contract with an advertising agency allows him to free-lance to a certain extent. "Do you realise, Butch," he said to me recently, "what a wonderful feeling it is that any plays I write from now will belong to *me*?" One of them will be *The Silent People*, which you can see on November 7th and 11th. It is an extraordinary espionage story which is founded on fact.

Next we shall have to say a reluctant *adieu* to Eric Fawcett, one of the original and most brilliant exponents of the art of television. My regret is a personal one, for I have worked with him—as well as lauded or torn him to pieces in this column—and know what a fecundity of inspiration he brings to the medium. We had an example of what he can do only recently in *The Concert*, by Joseph Schull. Here the story was of a blind girl falling in love with a voice (for the leading man was portrayed by the camera). The girl—an American socialite, superbly played by Moira Lister—never knows that the man she has grown to love is a Negro—beautifully spoken by Gordon Heath.

Then there is Stephen Taylor, the designer, who has done so much in his comparatively short time with B.B.C. television. Again the regret is personal as well as critical, for he was responsible for the sets of my last venture on the other side of the screen: *Evensong*. But, I am told, he has ambitions as a producer and also wants to spread his wings.

The casualty list—at the time of writing—is completed by Dicky Leeman (*What 's My Line?*) and Lloyd Williams, of *Teleclub* and sundry other productions. I wish them all very well and hope that, in the long run, they will find they have been wise.

Meanwhile, the B.B.C. is not at all in a ferment. It was quite prepared for this and plans were laid accordingly, in the shape of producers' and designers' training schemes. As a result of these there is a considerable reservoir of talented people (of which only an inconsiderable fraction has yet been used) to fill any gaps in the ranks. *Le plus ça change, le plus c'est la même chose*. . . .

(By the way, I have been requested to mention that the B.B.C. do not officially say that any of the aforementioned have resigned in order to go into commercial television. I see what they mean; it might save a moiety of red faces and hasty apologies.)

NOW let 's look forward. I 'm putting by this evening for Moiseiwitsch's recital of music by Schumann. After which I will try to live as an ordinary human being until the 6th, when I will switch on to see what Armand and Michaela Denis have to show in the way of animal films, in the first of their eight monthly programmes. The following evening brings *The Silent People*, which I have already mentioned, and an introduction to *War in the Air* (a fifteen-instalment series of films), by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. The first instalment comes the next night, November 8th, and the series continues by weekly instalments.

If this is too tough for you, there is the gentle J. M. Barrie, in the shape of *Barbara's Wedding*, as well as *Scenes from the Operas*, which is a series of popular excerpts from *Tannhäuser*, *Don Giovanni*, *Tales of Hoffmann*, *Manon* and *Die Fledermaus*, to provide a "lulling" evening on the 10th. For the musical there is another treat in the appearance of Yehudi Menuhin in the last of the present International Celebrity Recitals on November 15th, with a music-plus-verse programme from the Apollo Society on the previous evening. But if you only like words, there should be plenty from Stephen Potter and Kenneth Tynan, when they discuss in the London University Union debate on November 16th, the motion: "That this House insists that the line must be drawn somewhere."

"Tell that dog of yours to stop signalling."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

GOOGIE WITHERS and PAUL ROGERS : For pleasing the back-room boys.

Just about everyone who is anyone in Television was present at the TV Ball at the Savoy on October 24th to see Googie Withers and Paul Rogers presented with the Guild of Television Producers' and Directors' awards for the best actress and actor of the year : Miss Withers for her part in *The Deep Blue Sea* ; Mr. Rogers for his part in *The Sisters.*

WILLIAM WILLIS : For acting on his own belief.

Weatherbeaten but happy, William Willis, sixty-one-year-old man with an ambition to prove his own theory on migration in centuries gone by, arrived in the harbour of Pago Pago, American Samoa, last month. He had drifted for 115 days with only two pets—a cat and a parrot—for company. Cats are endowed with nine lives : parrots are not. As can be seen, the cat survived.

WINIFRED ATWELL : For achieving a most richly-deserved ambition.

On November 28th Winifred Atwell will realise a life's ambition when she plays at the Royal Albert Hall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Her fans, who are myriad, will have the opportunity of hearing this truly wonderful entertainer playing the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor, and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Miss Atwell is happy : "For this, I practised ten hours a day as a child ! "

VAL PARNELL : For presenting six Royal Variety performances.

For the sixth occasion since the war, Val Parnell was responsible for the presentation of the Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium this week in aid of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund. A recording of the show will be broadcast on November 7th.

ANTIGONE COSTANDA—"MISS WORLD" : For just that.

Lovely Antigone Costanda was at London's Lyceum dance hall on October 18th to prove to the world in general—and runners-up Karin Hultman and Efi Mela in particular—that Egypt's beauty queens did not go out of fashion with the death of Cleopatra.

Strictly Biographical: 19.

By Louis T. Stanley

Ingrid Bergman

THE uncritical are obsessed by two manias. The first is to dislike something not because of what it is, but because of what it isn't. Critics of this sort dislike Thackeray because he isn't Dickens, or even a period comedy because it isn't a musical farce. The contrary mania is to like something because of a fancied resemblance to another thing not even remotely like it. "I adore Yehudi Menuhin's playing," people will say. "It's so exactly like Rembrandt's chiaroscuro." These are highbrow idiots, whether congenital or as a result of studious application.

But not only the uncritical are affected in this way; there are professional critics equally obsessed. The first full-scale stage presentation in this country of Honegger's *Joan of Arc at the Stake* has attracted more than the usual quota of irrelevant criticism in a way that was to be expected. The commingling of play, opera, and oratorio is not everybody's taste, neither is the interpretation of the Maid by Ingrid Bergman. Whether or no Ingrid Bergman is a good actress, I leave to others, but I am sure she is a great actress. The good actor has the chameleon's ability of matching his surroundings; his colour changes to suit his part. I am inclined to suspect that the great actor has the reverse of the chameleon's art; he changes the colour of everything round him. Also he is of a size to fill the stage or screen as well as transforming it. Ingrid Bergman has this kind of emotional size. In the engulfing darknesses and piercing shafts of light at the Stoll she suggests the spiritual, statuesque calm of one who has climbed to a summit high above the gross world. She evokes the sadness of things supremely well.

I heard someone say that Ingrid Bergman is another Greta Garbo. The comparison in my view could only be made by somebody who had seen one but not the other, or possibly neither. I have as much hysterical admiration for Miss Bergman as becomes a sober-minded person, but I venture to say that she and Garbo are seas asunder. Bergman's sincerity has the power to wound, and her sorrows are real; Garbo's insincerity transported you in a chariot of gold to a heaven of cardboard, whilst her griefs were as much an exhibition as Niagara.

I hear that in an interview Miss Bergman is reported to have denied knowledge of technique, which if I know anything at all about acting, merely means that this exquisite person was talking through her interviewer's hat. Of course, this Swedish lady may be another Garrick in the sense that she stepped upon the set or stage a mistress of her art. In other words, she has been born with technique and doesn't know it, which is quite another matter from thinking that you haven't got it.

Actually, Bergman is much better-looking than Garbo and her face has actual as well as spiritual beauty. From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, all over, all through, and all the time, she is a consummate artist, as full of technique, whether she knows it or not, as an egg is full of meat. In fact fuller, for she does not lack that little bit at the top which is missing in some eggs. Nothing has been left out in the equipment of an artist as brilliant as she is appealing. And besides being a great artist, which is easy, she is a first-class actress, which takes a lot of doing.

On the other hand, when I met Ingrid Bergman, she had nothing whatever of the great actress about her, that something which fills a room when a great actress enters it, and empties it when she leaves. Yet as I watched her, I perceived behind that beautiful mask something of the indomitable will, the fiery resolution, and the implacable resolve which Charlotte Brontë noted in Rachel. It was ineffable, extinct, remote, as though some previous incarnation had possessed it æons ago. But it was there all right. Ingrid Bergman has this quality, though she may not be conscious of possessing it.

I know nothing of her history, but am convinced that she did not moon about Sweden until somebody came along and accidentally discovered her. It used to be said that some producer or manager came along and took Gladys Cooper out of the chorus, the implication being that if that person had not had the wit to perceive Miss Cooper, she would have continued twiddling thumbs and toes in the front row. That is supremely wrong. It was this quality in Miss Cooper and her own brains which took her out of the chorus. Similarly with Miss Bergman. She can act with such application and ferocity that, metaphorically speaking, she seizes a playwright or film producer by the scruff of his neck and wrings a part out of him, the poor man gasping that it had been his intention all along.

I feel that when Miss Bergman happened, she happened because she could not help happening and was not formally recruited from the ranks of lethargic sempstresses, indifferent typists, *et hoc genus omne*. I know a waitress about whom painters rave and before whom poets grow dumb. Eternity is in her lips and eyes—a description for which I take no credit—but the eternal, alas, is not in her mind. Her goal is the mutton-chop, her horizon spinach, and all is dross that is not on the menu. This Helen of the high forehead and low mentality will never be a film-star for the simple reason that she is not one already.

I am not, never have been, and never will be a believer in undiscovered genius, holding that genius, if it exists, will discover itself, a view which always will be refuted by the sentimental of this world who babble about chance and opportunity. Whereas, of course, the only thing to say about these two is that chance, when it does not offer, is made, and that opportunity exists for those who have the courage to run after it, catch up with it, and seize it by its only too willing neck. Nobody asked either Dick Whittington or William Shakespeare to go to London; the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel did not walk into Michael Angelo's studio and ask to be painted. Genius will out and there is no stopping it, just as there is no forcing it if it is not there. In like fashion, I believe that nothing could have stopped Miss Bergman from reaching the peaks of stardom. Her appearance on this darkened London stage in coarse sackcloth, with none of the usual aids to beauty, more than confirms that impression. It is a magnificent effort of intellectual energy. We are lifted on waves of emotion to be dashed on thought.

It would be absurd to pretend that the human face is not to some extent the mirror of the mind. Had Ingrid Bergman been pretty, I would have been doubtful of her histrionic powers. I have never yet known a pretty woman who is a great actress. Great actresses either have a great beauty like Mrs. Siddons, Duse, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or they are frankly ugly like Rejane, or they have a strange fascination like Sarah Bernhardt, or an odd assemblage of warring loveliness like Ellen Terry. But they are never pretty. Ingrid Bergman is no exception. The quality she possesses is more than beauty; it is strangeness in beauty.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Barry Swaebe.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Mr. Purdom's Week

THE EGYPTIAN
(Carlton, and Odeon, Marble Arch)

IN *The Egyptian*, there are sixty-seven major sets, seven stars, two dozen featured players, eighty-nine other speaking rôles, over 5,000 extras, and 5,000,000 "separate objects, items and costumes" of Egyptian antiquity, including the Nile and several quite authentic pyramids. All the 5,000 extras, we are told, have brown eyes, because the research department found there were no blue-eyed Egyptians in the fourteenth century B.C. Even the fowler's knots, which have some bearing on the plot, were scrupulously worked out by Egyptologists. The film took three years and cost 5,000,000 dollars to produce. It takes 139 minutes to see. It is photographed with the "Revolutionary New Anamorphic Lens in CinemaScope in the Wonder of Stereophonic Sound."

In fact, this is quite a considerable picture and there is something rather impressive, in its way, in the producers' simple pride in their great lumpish progeny. *The Egyptian* never hurries and rarely shouts. Although it ends in the sort of massacre of the innocents (with the religion of a benevolent, pacifist Pharaoh taking the place of the Christian faith) without which a spectacle of this size would seem somehow to cheat the customers, it is not, on the whole, played for sensation. The nastiest thing in it is an account of daily work in a contemporary embalming parlour. Perhaps the nicest are pictures of the Nile.

It tells the story of a young Egyptian doctor of mysterious origin, who intends to devote his life to the service of the poor, but is so beglamoured by a whore of Babylon, that he gives her everything he has, including the title-deeds of his parents' house and the family tomb. The whore rejects him. The parents commit suicide, and in his bitterness our doctor is temporarily persuaded to neglect his panel patients, and work up an expensive practice in the most fashionable quarter of Thebes.

A British newcomer to Hollywood, Edmund Purdom, plays the hero in straightforward style. He seems a little overawed by the size of his surroundings, but speaks up, refrains from showing off, and on the whole gives the film its most satisfying performance.

Jean Simmons does nicely, too, as the doctor's martyred bride-to-be, and Peter Ustinov seems to enjoy a tremendous private joke as a Harley Street receptionist. Amongst others struggling with unlikely parts are Victor Mature, wearing what looks like an inverted kitchen colander; Bella Darvi, in green finger-nails and a floor-mop wig; and Michael Wilding, as Pharaoh, pallidly praying to the Sun God, with all the ardour of a hapless exile, completely surrounded by desert sands and yearning for cosy Maytime in Mayfair.

THE STUDENT PRINCE
(Empire)

EDMUND PURDOM appears again as the hero of *The Student Prince*; a new version of the old operetta, based on the still older play, about the stiff heir to a Ruritanian throne who is sent to Heidelberg to limber up a bit, and learn how to make friends and influence people.

Mr. Purdom looks extremely well in the uniform of a university cadet corps. His demeanour is that of a man of breeding and his speaking voice attractive. Unfortunately, his singing voice is not his own, but the rich tenor of Philadelphia's Mario Lanza. The dubbing has been expertly done, and the Lanza voice is an asset not to be despised, but somehow it doesn't seem to go with the Prince's slight figure and quiet, conversational style.

As Kathie, the innkeeper's daughter and darling of all the Heidelberg boys, Ann Blyth handles foaming beer-mugs nippily, and sings with her own voice. The old Sigmund Romberg tunes still sound good, but apparently not quite good enough for Hollywood, who have elected to pad out the score with three new numbers by Nicholas Brodszky. None of them is particularly distinguished, and one number called *I 'll Walk with God*, addressed direct to the body of King Louis Calhern as he lies in state, seems in thoroughly dubious taste. But I 've no doubt that, out of its context, it will join the hit parade, and sell records by the million.

OTHER NEW FILMS

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS (*Warner*) takes Sir Walter Scott's *The Talisman* as a point of departure, and then has a splendid time romping in the desert. Conspicuous among the rompers are George Sanders, as a Richard Cœur-de-Lion who likes to be addressed as simple Dick Plantaganet; Laurence Harvey, as the alleged Scottish knight, El Huntingdon; and Rex Harrison, as a polished Saladin who makes his entry into any tent as if it were a smart club somewhere in St. James's.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 (*Academy*) is a grimly realistic film intent on gaining public support for better conditions in American prisons. Most of it was shot in Folsom State Prison, California. The actors are comparatively unknown; their performance often very powerful. Excellently directed and deserves attention.

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (*Curzon*) is a sparkling Italian comedy, with pantomime so vivid, and dialogue so simple, that it flatters you with the belief you could speak Italian fluently, if you had the mind. The stars are Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio de Sica. The scene is a remote and gossipy mountain village. The plot deals with the strict code of non-fraternisation between the military policemen and the locals; plus the tattling suspicion that when the poorest and prettiest girl in the village goes into the woods to pick wild strawberries, something will be found under a strawberry bush that isn't a strawberry. Lollobrigida, as the barefoot fury who causes most of the upset, looks incredibly beautiful in informal sacking. De Sica plays the smooth, greying police officer for laughs, but is too good a comedian to overlook the part's pathos.

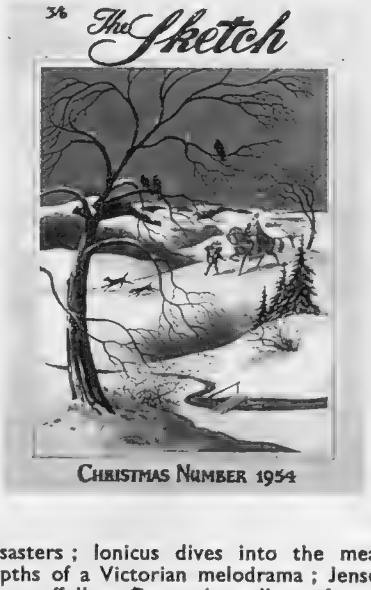
Our Christmas Number

COLOUR is the inspiration of *The Sketch* Christmas Number, which will be on sale on November 18th. Four pages of glorious colour photographs of figures from the Lilian Lunn Collection—figures of ladies, exquisitely put together from coloured threads, ladies of the past and of the present, fictional and actual—figures that have been shown to enthusiastic crowds all over the country, and have attracted comment from all over the world. Then, too, we have borrowed the talents of great artists, from Rubens to Augustus John, to make up a pageant of beautiful women; from the Flemish Masters to the French Impressionists for a succession of winter scenes.

Colourful pictures are reinforced by stories of high quality. Michael Innes, whose detective John Appleby has risen nowadays to a knighthood and an Assistant Commissionership, has one sort of ghost story to tell, and Eric Keown, who wrote the story on which *The Ghost Goes West* was based, has another of a different kind. The first story is illustrated by Anton, the second by Ronald Searle. Our third story is by L. P. Hartley, whose novel, *The Go-Between*, was hailed as the best of 1953.

Then there are jokes and drawings. Varney provides a Christmas Almanack of Disasters; Ionicus dives into the meaty depths of a Victorian melodrama; Jensen, Anton, ffolkes, Gus and a gallery of comic artists whose work has appeared in *The Sketch* this year are represented. So are our own Critics, writing of their private critical nightmares, and so is Henrietta, who sends a Christmas letter.

The Sketch Christmas Number makes an ideal Christmas present for friends overseas. And don't forget to order one for yourself. From all newsagents, or from the Circulation Manager, *The Sketch*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2. On sale November 18th. Price 3s. 6d.



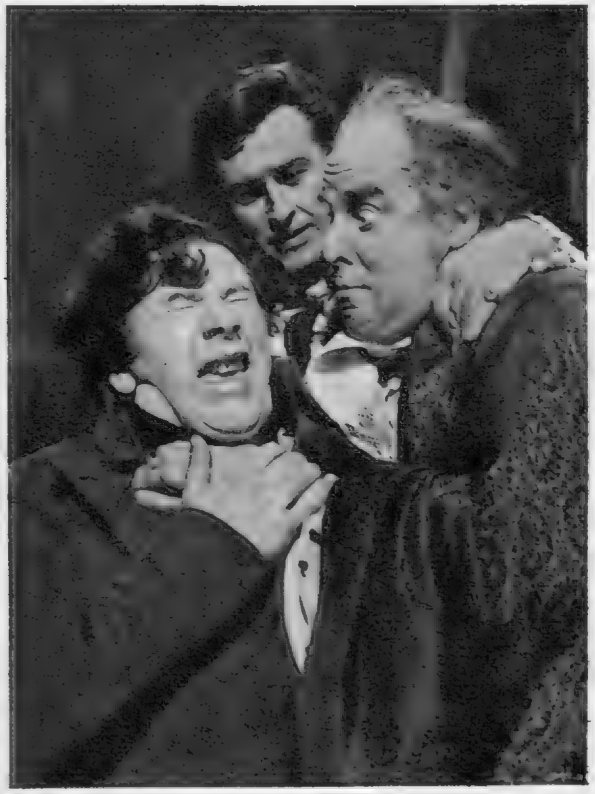
Peter Ustinov as the Prince of Wales.

Elizabeth Taylor as Lady Patricia, who loves the gallant Captain Brummell.

Stewart Granger as Brummell.

"BY ROYAL COMMAND"

THE Royal Command film this year is M.-G.-M.'s Technicolor *Beau Brummell*, starring Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Morley and Peter Ustinov. It will be seen by the Queen at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on November 15th.



Robert Morley plays George III.

"The Sketch" Wedding Album

JUIN—ESSIG : Passing through a guard of honour formed by officers of all nations are Lieutenant Hubert Juin, son of Marshal Juin, and his bride, Mademoiselle Jacqueline Essig, daughter of a French Treasury official, after their wedding at St. Louis des Invalides, Paris, on October 14th.

MAYHEW—SAUNDERS : Leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding on October 18th—the bride's twenty-first birthday—are Mr. Simon Mayhew, grandson of Viscount Falkland, and Miss Ann Saunders. The bride, who is wearing a dress she designed herself, works as a fashion model. The reception was held at Lincoln House, Basil Street.

HARTTUNG—NORTH : The three Danish Princesses were bridesmaids at the wedding of their governess, Miss Mary North, daughter of Admiral Sir Dudley North, to Danish businessman Mr. Mogens Harttung, in the Chapel of Fredensborg Castle on October 16th. King Frederick and Queen Ingrid were guests at the wedding, and the two daughters of the groom, who is a widower, shared bridesmaid duties with the Princesses.

ASHBROOKE—STOURTON : Happy couple listening to a speech in their honour at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel on October 23rd, after their wedding at Brompton Oratory, are Mr. Philip Ashbrooke, of Doveray Place, Porlock, and Miss Veronica Stourton, of 206, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1.

MONCRIEFF BROWN—BETHELL: Mr. Edward Moncrieff Brown, of Penerley Lodge, Hurst, Berkshire, and the Hon. Jennifer Mary Bethell, elder daughter of Lord Bethell, of Cowden Hall, Horam, Sussex, and Veronica Lady Bethell, of Monks Revel, South Ascot, were married on October 14th at St. Francis' Church, South Ascot.

PAGET—GILLER : Bride with a pretty flower coronet and matching bouquet pictured after her marriage on October 16th was Miss Dorothy Giller, of Hextable. Her bridegroom is Mr. Alfred Paget, a well-known grower and farmer of Headcorn, Kent. The wedding was at St. Paul's, Swanley Village, Kent.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Heading for the Snow

AN adult version of a snow-baby's furry coat and hood, warm enough for the most icy clime. This zip-up jacket in soft white nylon furleen is lined with bright red nylon and is reversible. The hood, which is detachable, may also be worn with its scarlet side to the snowy air. By Astraka, price about 26 gns., from Dickins and Jones.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Michael Williams.

(continued overleaf)

Heading for the Snow

Right :

For ski-ing, a really workmanlike outfit that is purposeful but has feminine grace. Black gaberdine vorlages, £9 15s. A black anorak, reversible to turquoise, in the famous Grenfell cloth, £9 19s. 6d. Bright ski mitts, in slightly oiled Swiss wool, £1 6s. The "Regency" ski boots, £5 10s., are worn over hand-knitted socks of oiled wool, 13s. 6d. All are from Lillywhites, as are the "Dynamique" skis, which cost £28 8s. 6d.

Left :

After ski-ing, or anywhere for relaxing in the evening, wear this amusing shirt blouse in corduroy, either printed or plain. By Estrava, price 63s. 9d. The black velveteen "drain-pipe" slacks cost 69s. 6d. Both are to be found in the Sportswear department at Swan and Edgar. The black "television" ballerina shoes in velvet, trimmed with gold braid and brilliants, are by Delta, price 21s. 9d.

(continued overleaf)

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Heading for the Snow

FUR round the face, a sure way to glamour and warmth. This red wool jacket, with detachable fur-edged cape or hood, 29 gns., is good for after-ski wear, or whenever icy winds blow. Daks proofed gaberdine ski-trousers, 9 gns., and mittens, 17s. 6d. All are from Simpsons, Piccadilly.

(continued overleaf)

Peter Clark

from the Gainsborough Room at

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Satin evening gown with fine silver embroidery. In shades of cerise, moonstone, midnight or citron. Actual hips 38, 40, 42. 28½ gns.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Heading for the Snow

NEWS of imported Continental sportswear is not for London readers alone. In the North, J. R. Taylor, of St. Annes-on-Sea, have opened their " Swiss Room," where the very best in sports- and beachwear from all over Europe is available. An example is this jacket in blue-grey rough tweed, reversible to proofed poplin, for ski-ing or country wear.

(continued overleaf)

MARCUS

"Alhambra" Rich bead-embroidery decorates the pockets of this supremely elegant afternoon-to-cocktails dress in finest worsted wool. From the Marcus Autumn Collection at leading Fashion Houses throughout the Country . . . approx. 16½ guineas.

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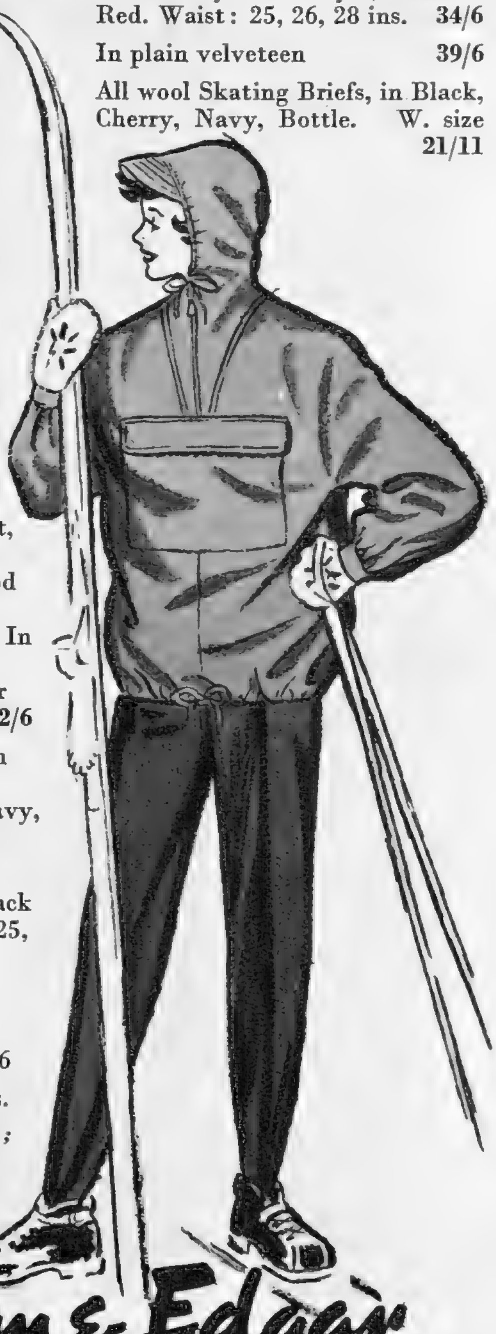
Whether ski-ing, skating or just looking on, we have the right clothes to make your holiday a wonderful occasion and a happy memory.

Cosy heavy ribbed woollen Polo Sweater with raglan sleeves. In Yellow, White, Red, Ice Blue or Emerald. W. size **39/6**

Smart Skating Skirt with a swing in corduroy. In Royal, Black or Red. Waist: 25, 26, 28 ins. **34/6**

In plain velveteen **39/6**

All wool Skating Briefs, in Black, Cherry, Navy, Bottle. W. size **21/11**



Proofed poplin Ski-Jacket, from our Swiss collection, with attached peaked hood and drawstring at hips. Capacious zipped pocket. In Red, Gold, Petrol Blue, Emerald, Bottle, Royal or Beige. Bust: 34-40 ins. **92/6**

Well-tailored Vorlages in excellent quality proofed Gaberdine. In Black, Navy, or Bottle. Waist: every inch 24-30 **5 gns.**

Also a good quality in Black and Navy only. Waist: 25, 26, 28, 30, 32 ins. at **95/-**

Ski-Mitts 21/9

Oiled Wool Ski-Socks 10/11, 16/6

Ski-Boots by Bally 8½ gns.

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Swan & Edgar

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1 REGent 1616

Photo: Peter Clark.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Heading for the Snow

PROOFED against the keenest wind and wettest snow, an elegant and easy parka, in the same cloth that was used for the 1953 Everest Expedition climbing suits. In many shades, by Flintwear, price about £6, from Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge.

Winter Sports bound?

Come early to Harrods and see all that's newest, brightest and best in clothes, accessories and equipment for winter's most exhilarating sport.

Ski expert Lotti Smith, with her first-hand knowledge, is here again to put you on the right track. Remember, too, there's no tiresome dodging from one department to another . . . you can buy absolutely everything in Harrods Winter Sports Shop.

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

I'VE said before that I am what I term a big-car man, so it was pleasant to have quite a long period of use for the Humber *Super Snipe*. While it possesses all the worth-while character of a big car, it is light and almost delicate to drive.

This car presents one of the most attractive lines in its class, and the interior finish is really very good indeed. The general appointments such as the seating and the facia panel and window cappings in their walnut veneer are really a joy. And the general level of comfort from the suspension is exceptional.

The facia, as a matter of fact, is one of the best designs I have come across. The lighting of it at night has been given much thought. The panel lights switch has two positions. You can have all instruments illuminated, which includes the clock mounted above the screen, or you can merely have the large speedometer aglow.

The full comfort of the seating is splendid and there is plenty of space. The controls come very well to hand and like the sister car, the *Hawk*, the *Super Snipe* provides a rubber-covered foot rest for the left foot which also incorporates the dipper switch.

On the road, as always with a big engine, there is real flexibility. Top gear can be used from really low speeds right up to something over 90 miles an hour. The gear change is sweet and simple, and there is ample speed in third available when wanted. The Blue Riband engine gives about 116 horse-power at 3,600 r.p.m.

I found it possible to cover journeys over winding roads at quite high averages, as the general handling is good and there is a minimum of roll to upset passengers. The brakes and general behaviour make for good performance, and cruising at 75 m.p.h. is easy. Petrol consumption with this sort of car depends very much on how it is driven, but if I say an average of around 16 m.p.g. I am being fair. More gentle driving would give you better than that.

It is, as the makers say, a fast, comfortable car, with very many refinements. While I was using it an American friend told me that the *Super Snipe* is a great favourite of his compatriots, because of its comfort and performance and its size linked with easy handling. I suppose that sums it up very well.

The Humber "Super Snipe"

SO the Motor Show has come and gone. Much has been said and written about it, and I think my colleagues and I in the Press Room were right to enthuse about it as being one of the best Motor Shows we could remember. There were very many new models, the value-for-money angle was much in evidence, and the art of display reached a high level. It is a pity that more people cannot see it as we of the Press are able to, by going in very early in the morning before the turnstiles start to click. The sight of all the glittering stands and their dazzling exhibits is like a glimpse into Aladdin's Cave.

It would be hard to pick out any one stand as being the centre of attraction. Austins attracted a great crowd, but the *Minx* and many others were just as much surrounded. Lanchester certainly sprung a surprise with their *Sprite*, and it is a fine-looking car. To include automatic gear change with Lanchester quality, all at not much beyond £1,000, including tax, is an achievement of which they must be proud and it should sell very well indeed.

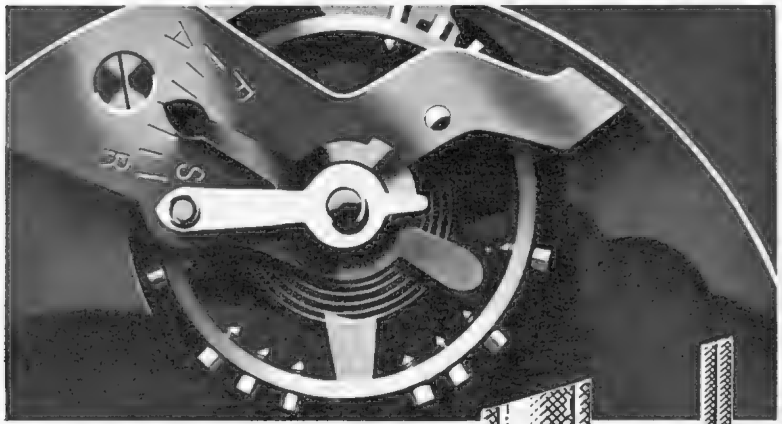
The Chairman of the Daimler Lanchester group, Sir Bernard Docker, has certainly brought these companies to life in the last few years; the full Daimler range is splendid. They are typical quality cars with all the up-to-date verve you would wish for. And then Lady Docker's car on the Hooper stand, with its colour scheme of silver stars on blue, is fine. To anyone interested in the arts and skill of coachbuilding, this car can be nothing but a joy.

THE vast expansion schemes which the various groups or individual firms in the British Motor industry have launched give rise to much interesting speculation. There are those who pause to wonder just what may happen. They feel that the industry may be over-optimistic in planning to build even more cars. After all, there must be some end to the demand. And, while it is fine to envisage a time when most people in this country, including the artisans who actually build them, go to work in their own cars, I cannot help feeling that there may be some snag about this. The roads themselves already groan under their present load. Maybe we shall reach the stage when traffic just jams up solid!

But one thing is certain—that competition between the motor firms is getting fiercer and fiercer. They will all have to work hard to retain their positions. That can only mean cheaper and better cars for us, the users of their products. And that is a fine prospect.

World markets will come into it. The vast American production will more and more thrust itself against our cars. But the style and quality of British cars is something that they have never really been able to copy.

A TRIUMPH OF INVENTIVE GENIUS



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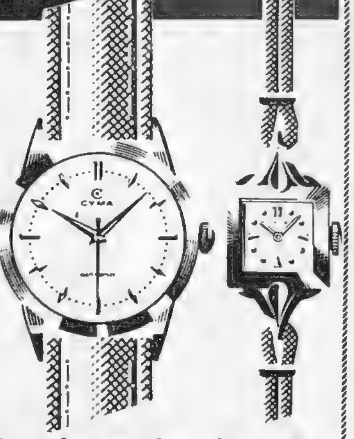

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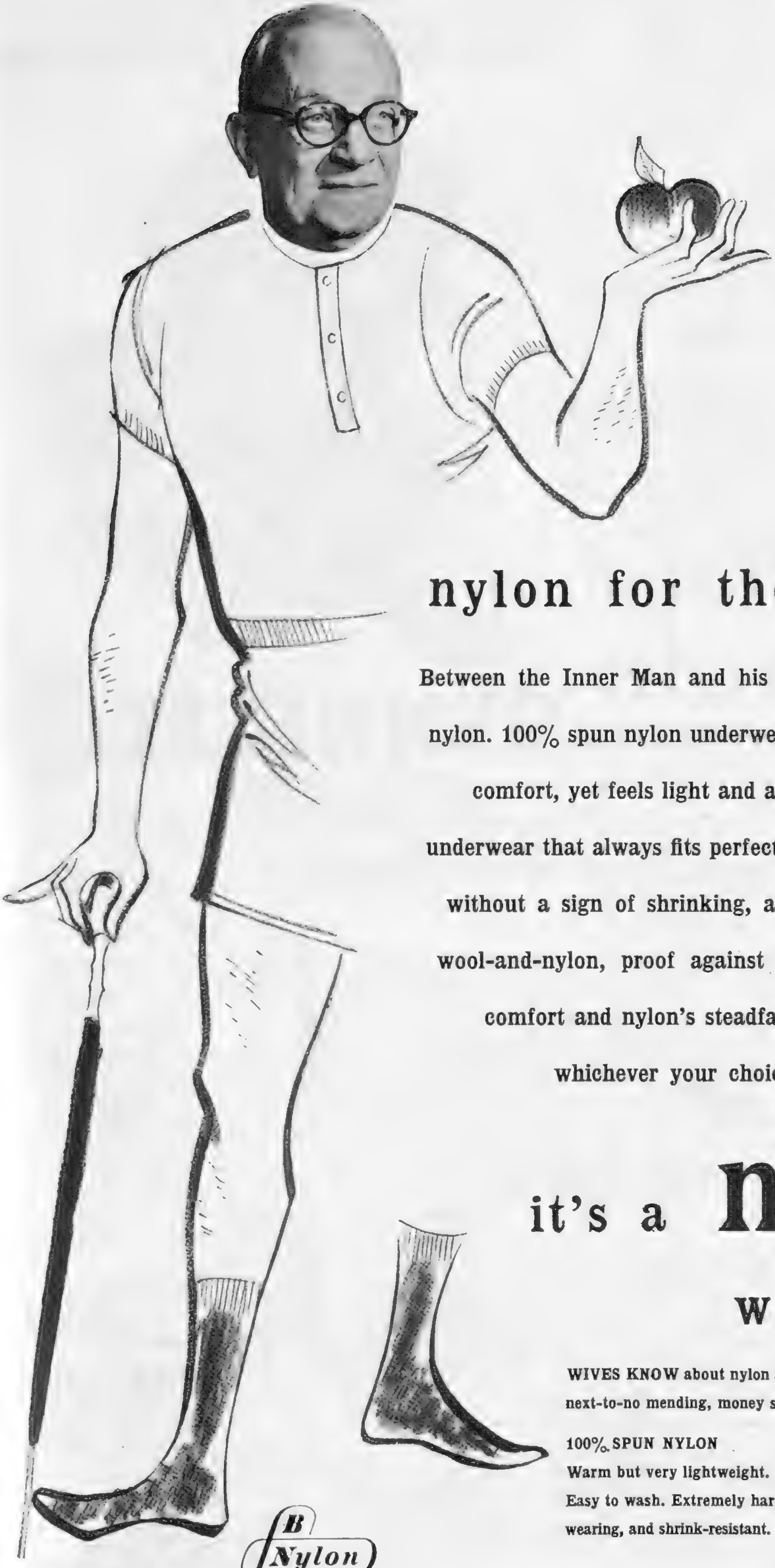

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WOOL-AND-NYLON BLENDS
Very warm and comfortable. Longer life, harder wear. Keeps its shape. Needs little darning.

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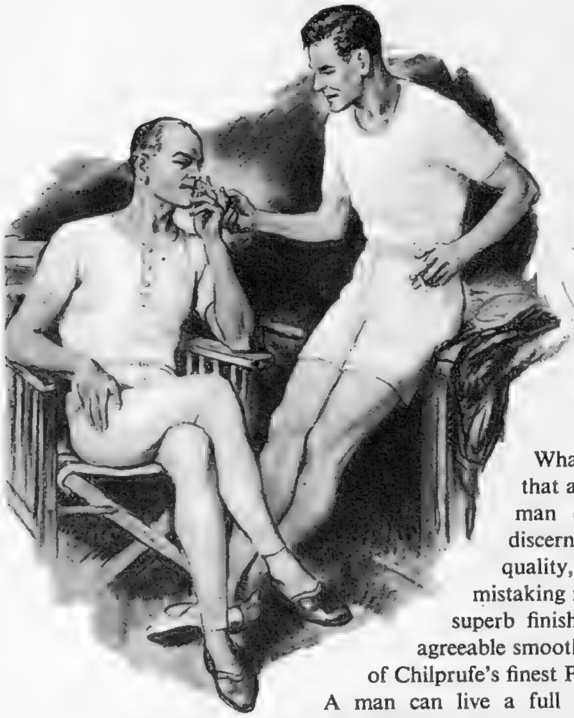

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Looking ahead

For the benefit of readers who do not take THE SKETCH regularly we detail hereunder the special numbers of this publication which are planned for 1955. As you may expect, there is always a big demand for these "specials," and to make sure of securing copies it is wise to place an order well in advance. Best of all, of course, is to place a regular order with your bookstall or newsagent, then you'll have THE SKETCH to enjoy every fortnight.

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Spring Number – April 20
Summer Number – June 15
Autumn Fashions Number – September 21
Motor Show Number – October 19
Christmas Shopping Number – November 16

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The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.	**3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.**
2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.	**4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.**

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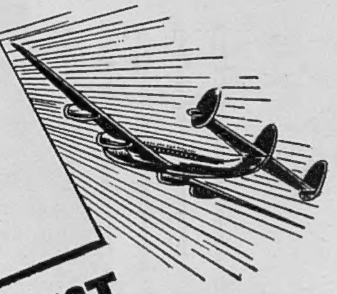

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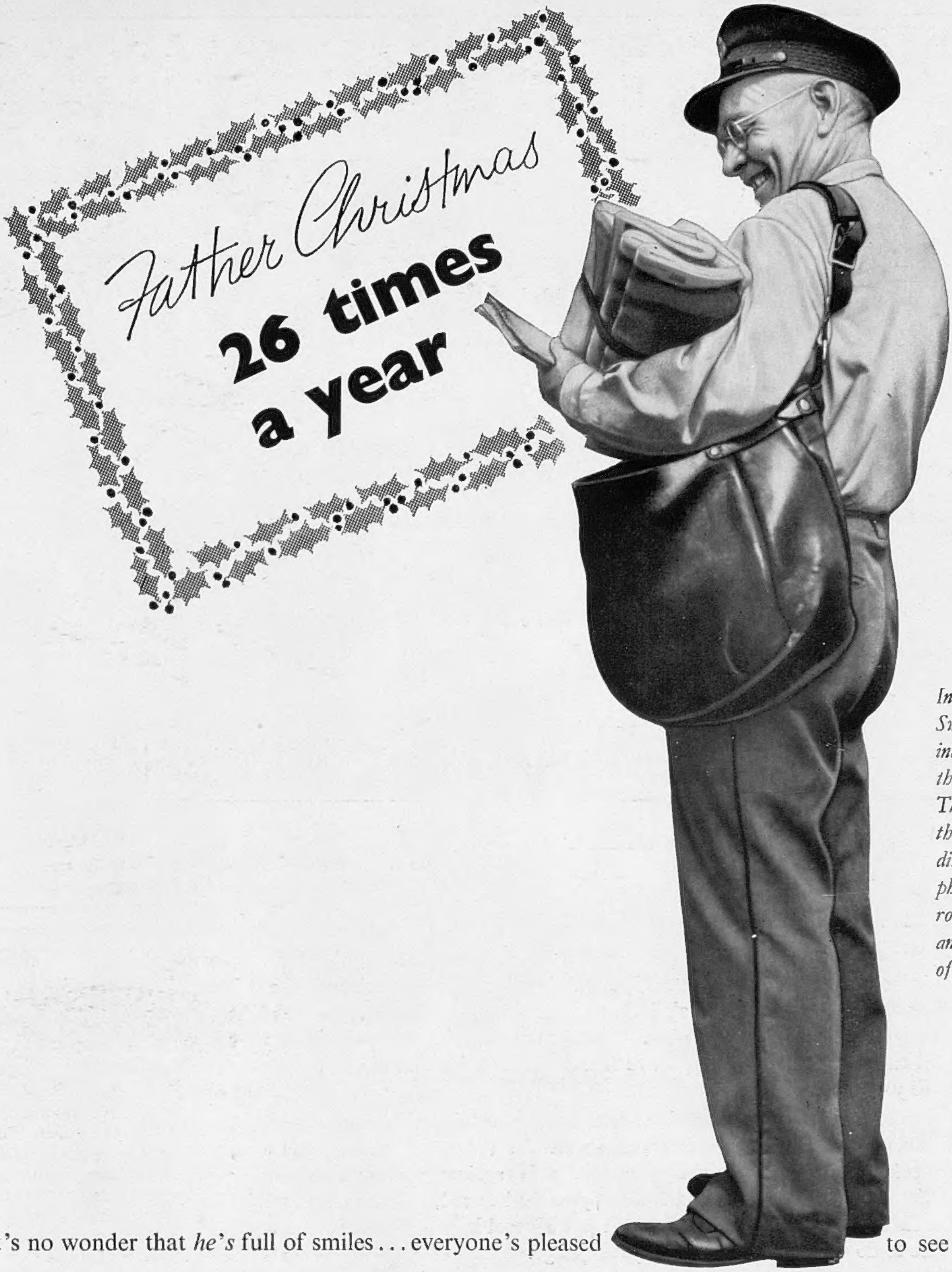
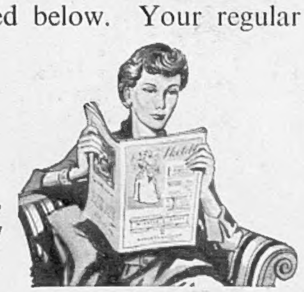


In Saskatchewan and Santiago, in Switzerland and Ceylon, and Ohio, and indeed, in a multitude of cities all over the world, the postman is ever-welcome. The more so when, on a certain day, they know that he brings The SKETCH direct from London, England. The photograph of this postman on his daily round was taken in Mount Vernon, Ohio, and is reproduced with the permission of the United States Information Service.

It's no wonder that *he's* full of smiles . . . everyone's pleased to see the postman ! For doesn't he provide the link with what is still "home" to many people in the Americas . . . bringing the mail postmarked *London, England*? Who wouldn't look forward to the overseas mail in any foreign country? And who *could* be more appreciative of a publication like The SKETCH every fortnight? To send it to a relative or friend as a Christmas gift or to celebrate a personal anniversary—or, perhaps, to a business associate as an appreciative token of thanks for some service rendered—it costs you as little as **£1.12.6** (for 6 months)! And it's so very easy ! The Publishing Office of The SKETCH does the work for you—addressing, wrapping, stamping, posting, for this all-inclusive cost. Subscription rates are detailed below. Your regular bookstall or newsagent will welcome your enquiries ; alternatively, just write direct to The Publisher of The SKETCH at the address given below.



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Unless you protect your engine cooling system against frost, every one of the 180-odd days from late October to early April brings *some* risk of frost damage, which may cost you £30 or more to repair.

There is the risk of frost overnight. If you tackle this by draining, there is the risk of incomplete drainage because of an air-lock, and the risk of sudden frost on the night you thought too warm to call for draining. There is the risk of a freeze-up while your car is parked on a very cold day. And there is the risk from ice that can form in your radiator *while you drive.*

Every one of these risks has caused costly damage to considerable numbers of cars in Britain. One fill of Bluecol eliminates them *all* for the whole winter, and also, for *double* safety, keeps your cooling system safe against rusting and similar chemical action. The frost-risk period is already well advanced, and soon we shall be entering the riskiest time of all. If you haven't put Bluecol in your cooling system yet, you'll be wise to do so next time you visit your garage.

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